

T H E
M E D L E Y:

CONSISTING OF
THIRTY-ONE ESSAYS,
ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

PRESENTED by
THE A U T H O R
To ONE of
THE G O V E R N E S S E S
OF THE
LYING-IN HOSPITAL,
IN NEWCASTLE.

To be Printed for
The BENEFIT of that CHARITY.

Books that the Knowledge of the World can show,
Such as may please a Lady or a Beau.

CONNOISSEUR.

N E W C A S T L E:
Printed by J. WHITE and T. SAINT.

MDCCLXVI.

THE
MEDLEY

CONSISTING OF

THIRTY-ONE ESSAYS

ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

EDITED BY

THE A. U. N. O. R.

TO ONE OF

THE GOVERNMENT

OF THE

LYING-IN HOSPITAL

NEWCASTLE

TO PUBLISHED BY

THE BOARD OF CHARITY

and can show

CONSIDERED



NEWCASTLE
Printed by J. WHITE and T. SAUNDERS

MCCCLXXII

THE following Sheets had their Rise from that most benign Passion of the Mind, true Charity, which never fails to commiserate those who labour under any Degree of Indigence; and much more, such as are in the greatest Distress human Nature can well conceive.—In Want of every Necessary, and without proper Aid; by which, the Life of the Mother is not only in Danger, but the Children too often deprived of Existence, and the Public of Members which might be useful to Society in general, and to their Friends in particular.

THE Author, willing to encourage an Institution so laudable, and so consistent with

To the READER.

with the Rules of Christianity and moral Virtue, thought a Benefaction of a few Guineas not so ample as presenting this Manuscript, to be published by Subscription, for the BENEFIT of the LYING-IN HOSPITAL; believing, many will subscribe from the same Motives that led him to present it, without any Regard to the particular Merits of the Work; which, when first transmitted to Paper, was never intended to be laid before the Public: And, had not Accident inform'd the Author of this Charity, they must have died with him.

IT is therefore hoped, whatever Imperfections may appear in this Work, no other Apology will be necessary to the generous Readers, than the noble Motive that induced its Publication; which was, an Attention to Distress, and a Readiness to throw in a Mite of Relief.

A

L I S T

O F T H E

S U B S C R I B E R S .

A

SIR Lancelot Allgood, Knt. Nunwick
 Lady Allgood, ditto, 6 Copies
 Master Allgood, ditto
 Miss Allgoods, ditto, 3 Copies
 Miss Allgood, Riding
 Mr Blythman Adamson, Newcastle
 Mrs Airey, Westgate, ditto
 The Rev. Mr Allen, Vicar of Wooler
 Mr Anderson, Berwick
 Mrs Anderson, Side, Newcastle
 Miss Andrews, Hexham
 Miss Ann Andrews, ditto
 Anonymous, London, by Mrs Gomeldon, Newcastle,
 20 Copies
 Anonymous, by Ditto, 2 Copies
 Anonymous, by Mrs Bell, Newcastle
 Anonymous, by Mr Joseph Barber, ditto
 Anonymous, by Mrs White, Pilgrim-street, ditto
 Anonymous, by Mr Saint, ditto
 Anonymous, by Mr Slack, ditto

A

Mr

ii A LIST of the SUBSCRIBERS.

Mr Nicholas Armstrong, Surveyor of the Customs,
Cullercoats
Mr Richard Armstrong, ditto
Capt. Thomas Armstrong, North Shields
Mr Richard Armstrong, Custom-house, Newcastle
Mrs Arlee, Newcastle
Mrs Avison, High-bridge, ditto

B

Sir Walter Blackett, Bart. 5 Copies
The Hon. George Baillie, of Jerriewood, Esq;
The Hon. Mrs Baillie, ditto
Mrs Bell, Newcastle, 2 Copies
Mrs Burrel, Broom-park, 2 Copies
Mrs Baker, Newcastle
Mr David Ballantyne, Kelfo
Mr Joseph Barber, Newcastle
Mr Thomas Barber, North Seaton
Mr C. N. Bawwert
Mrs Barstow, Leeds
Miss Barstow, ditto
Mrs Bell, Felling-hall
Miss M. Benson, Leeds
Robert Bennet, of Chesters, Esq;
Mrs Berwick, Morpeth
Mr Beschoff, Leeds
Mrs Beschoff, ditto
Mrs J. E. Blackett, Newcastle
Mrs Blake, Highamdykes
Mrs Blackburn, Leeds
John Blaydes, Esq; ditto
Mrs Blaydes, ditto
James Blaydes, Esq; ditto
Miss Bland, Kippax-park, near ditto
Mrs Bowes, Gifside
Miss Bowes, ditto
Charles Brandling, Esq; Gosforth-house
Mrs Brandling, ditto

Mrs

A LIST of the SUBSCRIBERS. iii

Mrs Brandling, Felling-hall
 Mr Bradshaw, Ashtall
 Mr Broderick, Newbeggins by the Sea
 Mrs J. Broderick, Newcastle
 Mr Brown, Throckley
 John Burn, Esq; Berwick
 Samuel Burn, Esq; ditto
 Mrs Button, Westgate, Newcastle.

C

Lady Clavering, Axwell-park, 2 Copies
 Mrs Collingwood, Chirton, 5 Copies
 Mrs Crafwell, 11. Crafwell
 Miss Crafwell, ditto
 Miss Betty Crafwell, ditto
 Dr Challoner, 2 Copies
 Mrs Cocking, Newcastle, 2 Copies
 Mrs Cookson, ditto, 2 Copies
 Mr Cramlington, Newcastle, 2 Copies
 Mrs Catcluff, Newcastle
 Miss Charltons, Hexham
 Mr Charlton, North Shore
 Mrs Charlton, Leigh-hall
 Miss B. Chartres
 The Rev. Mr Chatto, of Morpeth
 Mrs Challoner, Morpeth
 Mrs Charnley, Newcastle
 Mr Chapman, Low Barns
 Capt. John Clark, Edinburgh
 The Rev. Mr Clark, Hexham
 Mrs Clements, Chester
 Mr George Clennel, Cullercoats
 Mrs Cole, Leeds
 Mrs Collingwood, Lilburn
 Capt. Conyers
 Mrs Mary Cool, Gloucestershire
 Mrs Cotton, Leeds

iv A LIST of the SUBSCRIBERS.

Capt. Robert Coward, Tynemouth
Mrs Coxon, Glass-houses, Newcastle
Mr George Cranston, Crailling
The Rev. Mr George Cupples.

D

The Hon. George Drummond, Esq; Commissioner of
Excise, Drummond-lodge, 8 Copies
Alexander Drummond, Esq; late Consul at Aleppo,
Castravan
Sir Alexander Don, Newton, Bart.
Miss Dale
Mr James Dallaway, Bristol
Mr Robert Davidson, Allonburn
Capt. Dawson, Kelso
Mrs Dawson, Leeds
Mrs Denison, ditto
Mrs Dewart, Glass-houses, Newcastle
James Dickinson, of Endnem, Esq;
Mrs Dickinson, ditto
Mr John Dickinson, Kelso
Michael Doubleday, Esq; Alnwick-abbey
Dr Doubleday, Berwick
Mrs Doubleday, Newcastle
Mr Doubleday, Topsham, Devonshire
Mr Douglass, Berwick
Christopher Douglass, M. D.
Mrs Dunn, Glass-houses, Newcastle.

E

Mr C. Etherington, York, 2 Copies
Mrs Elder, Glass-houses, Newcastle
Gilbert Elliot, of Otterburn, Esq;
Gilbert Elliot, of Mento, Esq;
Mr William Elliot
The Rev. Mr Nathaniel Ellifon, Kirkwhelpington

Mr

A LIST of the SUBSCRIBERS. 7

Mr Robert Empson, Leeds
 Mrs English, ditto
 Mrs Errington, Walwick Grange.

F

Mr Thomas Farmer, London
 Miss Farmers, ditto
 Mr Benjamin Farmer, ditto
 Mrs Fawcett, Westgate, Newcastle
 Miss Fenton, Glass-houses, near Leeds
 Miss Molly Fenton, ditto
 Miss Jenny Fenton, ditto
 Lieut. Fenwick, Greenside
 Mrs N. Fenwick, Newcastle
 Mrs Ann Fenwick, Pilgrim-street, ditto
 Mrs W. Fenwick, Morpeth
 Mrs Fielding, Bebside
 Mrs B. Forcer, Durham
 Mrs Forster, Alnwick, 2 Copies
 Mrs Forster, Highamdykes
 Mrs Elizabeth Forster, Newbiggin
 Mrs Forster, Westgate, Newcastle
 Mr Michael Forster, Head of the Side, ditto
 Mrs Fowler, Tweedmouth
 Mr Fryers, Berwick.

G

Mr Joseph Gamul, Newcastle
 Mrs Garland, ditto
 Mrs W. Gibson, ditto
 Mrs. H. Gibson, ditto
 Mr Benjamin Gibson, ditto
 Mrs Gomeldon, ditto, 2 Copies
 Capt. Alexander Gordon, Kelso
 Mr Green, Merchant in Leeds, 2 Copies
 Mrs Graham, Pilgrim-street, Newcastle
 Mr Burnet Griève, Berwick

Mr

vi A LIST of the SUBSCRIBERS.

Mr Thomas Grieve, Berwick
Mr John Gregson, Wark
Capt. Grey, Westgate, Newcastle
Mr Grey, Attorney at Law, Berwick
Mrs Grey, ditto
Mrs Grey, Sunderland
Mrs Grey, Fallowdon.

H

The Hon. Lady Houstoun, St Andrews, 6 Copies
Mr Edward Hall, Whitley
The Rev. Mr Hall, Westgate, Newcastle
Mr James Hall, Thornton
Mr James Hall, Hyndhope
Mrs Hall, Wooler
Mrs Hamilton, Newcastle
Mr Hann
Mr James Hardie, Kelfo
Mr Robert Harrifon, Newcastle
Mrs Heartley, Leeds
Mrs Ann Hedley, Newcastle
Mrs J. Henzel, Glafs-houfes, ditto
Mr Heppel, Picktree
Mr Middleton Hewitson, Newcastle, 2 Copies
Mr Thomas Hilcoat, ditto
Miss Jenny Hilcoat, ditto
Dr Hird, Leeds
Mrs Hodge, Newcastle
Mrs Hodgson, Elswick
Miss Holden, Morpeth
Henry Hudson, Esq; Whitley
Mr Newark Hudson, Staiths
Mr Humphreys, Berwick
Dr James Hutton, Edinburgh

Mrs

A LIST of the SUBSCRIBERS. vii

I

Mrs Jurin, Hermitage, 2 Copies
Mr Robert Jackson, Collector of the Customs at Blyth
Dr Charles Jackson
Mrs James, Morpeth
Mrs Jenison, Low Walworth
Mr Arch. Jerdan
Miss Molly Ilderton, Rosedon
Mr Robert Inman, Sunderland
Mrs Johnson, Woodhorn
Mr William Johnson, Surgeon, Coldstream.

K

Miss Kent, Morpeth
Walter Ker, of Nenthorn, Esq;
William Ker, of Gateshaw, Esq;
Mr William Ker, of Crailling-hall
Mr Charles Ker, Wells
Mr James King, Glass-houses
Mr Joseph King, Kenton.

L

Lady Loraine, Kirkharle
Mrs M. Lloyd, Bristol, 3 Copies
Mrs Lloyd, Gloucestershire, 2 Copies
Richard Lacey, Esq; Newcastle
Mrs Lacey, ditto
Mrs Mary Laidler, ditto
Mrs M. Lamb, ditto
Mrs Lambton, Glass-houses
Mrs Lawson, Chirton
Mr James Liddle, Custom-house, Newcastle
Mr Hugh Lindsay
Mr Luke Long, Newcastle
Mrs Longridge, Newburn

Mrs

viii A LIST of the SUBSCRIBERS.

Mr Benjamin Loscombe, Bristol
Mrs Lowes, Pilgrim-street, Newcastle
The Rev. Mr Lowthion, ditto
Mrs E. Lyon, ditto.

M

Mess. Martin and Wotherspoon, Edinburgh, 25 Copies
Mrs Mosley, Newcastle, 2 Copies
Col. George Macdougall, Makerston
Miss Molly Marr, Morpeth
Mr Roger Marshall
Mr Marshall, Barrack-master, Berwick
James Maud, Esq; Gilderfom, near Wakefield
Mr John Mercer
John Messin, Esq; Leeds
Mr Micklewaite, ditto
Mr Midford, Surgeon, Morpeth
John Miller, M. D. Kelso
Mrs Hannah Miller, Edinburgh
Dr Milner, Leeds
Mrs Mitchell, Leith
Mrs Moises, Newcastle
Lieut. Basil Monteith
The Rev. Mr Muckle, Horton
The Rev. Mr Murray, Newcastle.

N

His Grace the Duke of Northumberland, 1l. 1s.
Her Grace the Duchess of Northumberland, 1l. 1s.

O

Mr Bernard Ogden, Sunderland
Mrs Ogleby, Leeds
Mrs Ord, Fenham,
Mrs Ord, Morpeth

Mrs

A LIST of the SUBSCRIBERS. ix

Mrs Ormston, Newcastle
Mrs Ormston, Kelfo
Mrs Isabella Ormston, ditto.

P

Sir Robert Pringle, of Stitchill, Bart.
Mrs Pulleine, Carlton, Yorkshire, 2 Copies
Mr Robert Page, Deputy Comptroller, Newcastle
Mr Alexander Palmer, Edinburgh
Mr William Parker, Howdonpans
Mr Samuel Parks, Bristol
Miss Pawson, Newcastle
Mr Paxton, jun. ditto
Mr Anthony Pearson, North Shields
Mr William Peters, Newcastle
Mr Thomas Potts, jun. Jedburgh
Mrs Preston, York
Mr John Purvis
Miss Pye, Morpeth

R

Matthew Ridley, Esq; Heaton, 5 Copies
Mrs Rayner, Leeds, 4 Copies
Joseph Harper Reynolds, Esq; London, 2 Copies
Mr Henry Rawlinson, Lancaster, 2 Copies
William Ramsay, of Temple-hill, Esq;
Joseph Reay, Esq; Newcastle
Mrs Reay, ditto
Christopher Reed, Esq; Chipchase
Mrs Reed, ditto
Mr Robert Reed, Silver-street, Newcastle
Miss D. Reed, Hexham
Mrs Richards, Cornwell
Dr Richardson, Alnwick
Mr Thomas Richardson, Sunderland
Miss Dolly Riddel

B

Miss

x A LIST of the SUBSCRIBERS.

Thomas Riddel, Esq; Swinburn-castle
 Mrs Riddel, ditto
 Mrs D. Robertson, Kelfo
 Miss Robinson
 Mrs Robinson, Newcastle
 Mr Joseph Robson, Close, ditto
 Capt. Roddam, Roddam
 Miss Wenny Roddam, ditto
 Mr Francis Rodgers, Bristol
 Mrs Sarah Rodgers, ditto
 Dr Rotheram, Newcastle
 John Rutherford, of Edgerton, Esq;
 Harry Rutherford, of Hunting-hill, Esq;

S

Lady Swinburn, Capheaton, 2 Copies
 Mrs Swinburn, Durham
 Mr Robert Sayer, London, 10s. 6d.
 The Rev. Mr Sanderson, Morpeth
 Mrs Scott, Newcastle, 2 Copies
 Mr William Scott, ditto
 Walter Scott, of Harden, Esq;
 Thomas Scott, of Bonster, Esq;
 Miss Nanny Scott, Leeds
 Mr Selby, of Hunting-hall
 Mr Selby, of Yard-hill
 Miss Selby, ditto
 Miss M. Shield, Newcastle, 2 Copies
 Miss Shields, Pilgrim-street, ditto
 Dr Smith, Doncaster
 Mr John Smith, Newcastle
 The Rev. Mr Smith, Curate of Ilderton
 Miss Smith, Leeds
 Mr John Snowdon, Newcastle
 Mr John Soulsby, Clothier, ditto
 Mrs Stephenson, ditto
 Capt. George Stephenson, ditto

Capt.

A LIST of the SUBSCRIBERS. xi

Capt. Francis Stephenfon, Newcastle
Mrs Sunderland, ditto.

T

Miss Taylor, Heckley
Mrs Taylor, Hexham
Miss Polly Taylor, North Shields
Mr Henry Taylor, Sunderland
John Thompson, Esq; Shotton
Mrs Thompson, ditto
Mr George Thompson, Surveyor of the Customs,
Sunderland
Mr James Thompson, Leith
Mr Tindal, of Fenwick
Mrs Topham, Leeds
The Rev. Mr Trotter, Morpeth
Mrs Tunstall, Durham
Mr Thomas Turnbull, Mento
Mr Thomas Turnbull
Thomas Turner of Pinacle-hill, Esq;
Mr John Turner, of Over-chatto
Mr John Turner, of Chatto.
Mr Peregrine Tyzack, Newcastle, 2 Copies
Mr Nicholas Tyzack, ditto.

V

Mr Vazey, Hexham
Mrs Vazey, ditto.

W

The Right Hon. Lady Windfor
The Rev. Mr James Rae, North Shields, 12 Copies
Mrs Widdrington, Westgate, Newcastle, 2 Copies
Mr George Wade, Leeds
Mrs Waldie, Kelfo

Mr

xii A LIST of the SUBSCRIBERS.

Mr James Waldie, Cross Keys, Kelfo
Mr Thomas Walker, ditto
Miss Walker
Mrs Walker, Sunderland
Mr Robert Walker, ditto
Mr Ogle Wallis, Newcastle
The Rev. Mr Wastell, Simonburn
Mrs Watson, Newham
Mr Andrew Watson, Surgeon, Kelfo
Peregrine Wentworth, Esq; Fulston-lodge, near York
Richard Wharton, Esq; Harford
Mr John Whilton, Newcastle
Mrs White, Pilgrim-street, ditto
The Rev. Mr John Wiberley, Vicar of Woodhorn
John Wilberfoss, Esq; Gainsborough, Lincolnshire
Mrs Wilkinson, Pilgrim-street, Newcastle
Miss Wilkinson, ditto
Mrs E. Wilkinson, Belford
Mrs Penelope Willis, Pilgrim-street, Newcastle
Mr Andrew Wilson, Surgeon, Kelfo
Mrs Wilson, Pilgrim-street, Newcastle
Mrs Wilson, Broad-chair, ditto
Mr John Wilson
Mr Willowby, Town-clerk, Berwick
Mr Wood, Preston
Mr John Wood, Maneylaws
Mr John Woodcock, Coastwaiter, Newcastle
Miss Jemima Wray, Hexham.

SUBSCRIPTIONS since the former Part was
printed off.

Mrs Horsfall, Newcastle
Mr Warren Maud, Sunnyside.

T H E
M E D L E Y.

ESSAY I.

Mores & Studia dicam! VIRGIL.

TO paint the Manners and Pursuits of Mankind, is the Business of Writers of my Class: By the Motto of my first Number, I mean to shew I know it; and by the general Motto of my Book, I mean to dedicate my Knowledge to the Beau Monde, or the polite Circle. To this Beau Monde I beg Leave, before I proceed further, to observe, that I don't assume the Name of Author: To set up for the Teacher of those I have at present the Honour to address, would be too presumptuous.—I content myself, therefore, with the more modest Appellation of Compiler for those, who happen not to have Leisure to think for themselves.

A Writer of this Kind seems absolutely necessary for the present Time, when the Female Sphere is so much enlarged !

The common-place Duties of Daughter, Sister, Friend, Wife, and Mother, made up the whole Circle the Old World piqued themselves upon ; but the Ladies at present value themselves upon more than merely knowing domestic Life ;—they exclude not themselves from any Thing ! and when one sees them thus accomplished, 'tis an additional Spur to write for the Gentlemen, to render them fit to be their Companions !

My Predecessor, *Isaac Bickerstaff*, Author of the *Tatler*, in his Definition of a fine Gentleman, describes him to be a Man of Conversation, or a Man fitted, by his Talents and Acquirements, for treating any Subject.

This Remark has, I must own, given me some Pain ; for I observe Conversation to be at a low Ebb in the polite Circle at present ; except the fashionable Compliments, and a few trite Remarks made by the Eyes and Ears at the Place where any one happened last to be, and behold a Reduction to perfect Silence.

At the same Time, Conversation is even at present a most necessary Thing.—Suppose, for Example, a Company thrown together

gether without Cards, without a Guittar—what can they do but talk? In Case of Accidents, Conversation is a Resource, and he does well, methinks, who endeavours to set it on Foot again.

I imagine the Cause why it is so much disused in the Beau Monde to be, that Customs have changed, and Phraseology has not kept up to them: We have Words for what belongs to Nature and to Rules—but Second Nature has no Language yet made for her—and the Beau Monde have adopted the sprightly varying Female, tired with the stiff Uniformity of what went before her.

In this Work of mine, I intend to treat of Second Nature. I am surprized that no Author has thought of it before me, but hope to profit by being the first, who has chosen to treat on this chief Point of Elegance.

To conciliate Esteem, I pretend to still more: I beg Leave to assure the polite Reader, that I set out with a full Conviction of the Propriety of all the Innovations, made by People of excellent Judgment, who may be said to have made themselves thereby respectable. This Acknowledgment seems *due* to superior Geniuses, who have taken it upon them to overturn old Maxims, and comes properly *from me*, as an Author who lays Claim to Taste.

It shall also be my Endeavour, in the Prosecution of my Design, to point out the Essentials to Happiness, by shewing what does, and what does not contribute to it; and in this Light, it shall be my Province to examine into Things, and compare them one with another. I mean to do so; and that I may not fail in any Thing that can be of Use, I mean to compare Nature with what has been put in her Stead; by this Means, putting it in the Reader's Power to judge where to give the Preference.

'Tis Pity that the Inability of Human Nature is such, as not to admit of our enjoying every Thing good at once, and doubly is this to be regretted at present, when the Beau Monde insist upon having all Things as they would, and cannot bear being thwarted in any Particular, even by Destiny itself, or the Necessity of Things.

There are Points where *Nature* and *Custom*, *common Sense*, and the *Understanding*, which supposes itself *superior* to them, may interfere with each other. The Whole of these shall be fairly stated, as they occur in this Work.

And that they will occur often, I am apt to believe, from the untrodden Ground I walk upon: We have no Institution among us, in which the Art of Conversation is taught,

taught. I give myself out for Professor, to teach it radically, by suggesting to the Thoughts, Ideas upon such Objects as merit being thought upon, and of Consequence to become the Subjects of Conversation.

In this View, that my Paper is a white Sheet, is rather to be considered as an Advantage; and in the same Light I may be further felicitated, that numerous as Essayists have been, the Art of Happiness is not yet acquired by all the World.

At first, in valuing myself upon my Design, I took Care to inform the Reader, that I was by no Means an assuming Man. Now, for one who is modest, 'tis difficult to avoid a certain Awkwardness, which is apt to dispirit, when he first addresses the Public, and which has, I doubt not, influenced my Stile in the foregoing Pages, enough to make them worse than if they had been a private Address to any particular Person.

In this Situation, it occurs to me, as a Means of recovering my Countenance, to tell the Reader my Story, which may be proper likewise upon other Accounts.

I am Son to a Man, more rich than willing to part with his Money—and of a Lady, whose high Birth and genteel Accomplishments, inclined her much to lay out what Money she could: She had done
her

her Husband the Honour to marry him for her own Conveniency, and thought it rather hard to be hampered, so that at Times she was rather frumpish; but my Father had an Antidote for that, he jogged on without much minding her.

Covetous as he was, it was however the Joy of his Heart, to see his Table set round with Olive Branches, tho' not one of the Children resembled himself, and it was continually remarked, that one Child was like one Gentleman, another Child like another Gentleman: As for myself, I was reckoned like a whole Regiment; and what was very singular, this very Regiment had been quartered in our Neighbourhood the Year I was born.

As I came up, it was remarked, I had as great a Medley in my Ideas, as in my Countenance; and this Circumstance, trifling as it may appear, determined me, as to the Name of my Book.

The Name of a Book is of great Consequence; it determines the Idea the Reader is to have of the Work, and saves him further Trouble as to that.

My Bookseller is charmed with the Title I have chose: He is a Man of genteel Reading, and of Fancy; he cried out, as soon as he heard it, Why, aye, this will do; this is *Starloquins Tabac de Mîles Fleurs*, one
must

must suppose, there will be something to please the Taste of every Reader. But to return to my Story.

Being a younger Son, I was no great Favourite with my Father and Mother; but to make Amends, I was chief Darling of my Grandmother: I had been christened by her Sir-name, and though at a Time, when but for such Resource, my Parents must have sought for Names in the Bible (so numerous were their Children) yet it pleased my good Grandmother, to hold me more dear than even my eldest Sister, who was both her Name-daughter and God-daughter.

It happened one Evening, that sitting in a social Way round the Fire, my Father, Mother, Grandmother, and myself (for I was ever the most stayed of the Children) the Conversation turned upon the different Employments or Professions by which Men gain their Livelihood.

And what will my Darling chuse to be? said my Grandmother. Why, truly, the Way of Life I would chuse, replied I, would be that of a Stranger.

I was, my Reader must know, a dry Joker, and by this Answer I meant to intimate, that I thought our Family lived best, when they had Strangers in the House.

My

My Grandmother, who looked upon all that came from me as oracular, cast about to find how I should become this mighty Man of Consequence, to be feasted where I went, when my Father, tired of her Harangue, cried out, Doubtless, Madam, he'll thrive; he has Impudence enough to be a great Lady's Page. Upon which my Mother, who, tho' not inventive, was most active in Point of Execution, having the Hint given her, packed up my Awls that very Evening, and next Morning sent me as a Present to a great Lady, by the Carriers.

This Lady and she had been Play-fellows at a Boarding-school; they were Relations, and their Intimacy had been so great, that a Correspondence still subsisted between them, or rather an Intercourse of Letters.—I could not, even at the Age I then was, help remarking, that the Letters my Mother wrote and received were not altogether Ciceronian.

I have ever had, and sometimes to my Cost, a Turn to Criticism, in my own Way.

ESSAY II.

Mores & Studia dicam. VIRGIL.

I Concluded my last Paper where I set out with the Carriers for *London*.—This disagreeable Way of travelling, and Inconveniencies I had not found at Home, made me take a Resolution I have ever since kept pretty well, *viz.* To joke no more, for Fear of its being taken in Earnest. Upon this Occasion I severely paid for my sarcastic Humour, and have in a great Measure difused it: But, tho' it does not appear, I doubt it has ever possessed a latent Corner in my Mind.

As soon as I arrived at *London*, I presented to my Quality Cousin (the Countess *Magnesia*) a Letter, which contained this Encomium upon myself, *viz.* That I was a pretty Scholar.—A singular Way this to recommend a Page to a Lady: But my Reader will see it was well enough adapted here.

As the Lady in Question was an Admirer of Learning, she resolved her Son should be well educated. She observed her Lord's Defect in this Particular, and did not much admire his Genius; therefore determined to instruct her Son herself, and, af-

ter Mr. *Locke's* Method, began to teach him Latin.

Her Ladyship was very apt, on all Occasions, to expatiate on her Care and Affiduity in this Point, in order, possibly, to procure Commendations for her Diligence. My Mother's Letter to her was wholly upon this Subject; and that, perhaps, produced the Panegyric upon my Learning. It was not, however, altogether unjust; I had a Turn for Books; I always loved to read in a Language I understood; and my Father's Severity soon made me understand more than one. He had a Land Steward, who was likewise Tutor to his Children. And as he had intimated, our Education was to be continued no longer than the the Rent of his Lands, we were like Cattle, whipped into Scholarship: I more especially was so treated, as being the youngest, and having the least Time to finish my Education; Tasks too difficult, or above my Ability, were assigned me, and when I could not perform them, I was flogged more or less, according to what I had done; so by this Means I was daily whipped through my Childhood. However that Period was finished, as well as my Studies, at the Time of which I am speaking; and Home then seemed a Paradise to me, when the Flogger was gone.

I re-

I relished my Situation in the Waggon as well as I could; and after my Arrival at *London*, I was at first much pleased with my new Abode; but the Manners of the Town, and the Subjection I was under in a great Family, soon made me recollect myself, and put me in Mind that I was born and bred up in the Country. I was laughed at for my Notions of Things, and a false Modesty made me often give into such ridiculous Foibles as I myself laughed at. Though silly and trifling in the Day, I was however very sage, when retired in the Evening to my Apartment: I there scrutinized the Conduct of my Neighbours, and went to Bed quite a Philosopher.

Those Evening Exercises, in revising the Manners of other People, did not take up my whole Time; I was also as much employed in reading, induced thereto by the restless Activity of the Lady with whom I lived: Not a Science, not a System was to escape her: Had she meant by her Researches to replenish the Vases mentioned by *Ariosto*, as containing all the lost Things upon Earth, she could not have more diversified my Employment. By this Means I soon began to be a Compiler, for her Ladyship's Emolument; and she, upon the Foundation of my Labours, commenced Author.—It happened unluckily in this,

that she could not spell, and was entirely ignorant of Grammar: She gave me, therefore, her Hints upon a Subject, and used to tell me, "You must only put them into Method; you have nothing more to do." In this *nothing more*, however, it was twice as difficult to please her, as in any other Particular: My Stile, tho' it might be Grammar, had not Delicacy enough to pass for her's: It was, as Mr *Pope* says, too robust and masculine: It had not the Pathetic, the Tender, the Sublime, which is to be expected from a Woman of Quality.

As I had the Honour to be her Ladyship's Secretary in Letter-writing, it was not so difficult for me, as it might have been for another to hit off the Tender, the Pathetic, the Sublime, of Women of Quality. She had a Correspondence with a Set of sentimental Ladies: This furnished me with Materials; and for Stile, where mine was to come in, I always studied Mr *Richardson*; so that her Ladyship became so much pleased with me, that by Degrees she let me have the Honour, as she called it, of finishing all her Compositions. The Custom I contracted of her Manner of Writing, insensibly formed me in such a Way as I should not perhaps have chosen; but no Matter, as the World goes, if
it

it should at any Time not pass for a Woman's of Fashion, it won't hurt me in the modish Opinion.

From her Ladyship's Sedulity, and from the Pains I was ordered to take, it is not difficult to suppose, that my Pupil had soon finished his Studies. After this we set out on our Travels, and made the grand Tour with pretty much Expedition. We returned, and the young Lord was married. All this happened in Course, and it would have been in Course too to have settled upon me a Salary for Life. My Lady told me her Lord would have done so, had I not been her Cousin; but that my Birth was too high to admit of being offered any Wages but the King's. In short, I was dismissed, with a Promise, that a Place should be procured for me, but never got any Thing of the Kind. I had likewise *Bouche à la Cour* in this great House, but of this I seldom made any Advantage: The Great have at Times an Air so supercilious which is not easy to bear.—I often chose to regale myself over a Dish of Coffee, instead of dining, and would afterwards retire to my Garret, and give myself up to the Muses, still pleased with the soothing Hopes of a Place; but I think I might have starved notwithstanding, had not my Godmother died, and left

left me her *All*. This *All* consisted of an hundred Pounds, with which Pittance, however, I thought myself happy, and immediately retired from a World that had chagrined me, chusing for my Abode a Country Village, where I boarded for ten Pounds a Year. The Pleasure of being my own Master, did at first stifle all other Thoughts; but at last I began to consider, that even the moderate Price I paid for my Board, by Degrees exhausted my Capital.

This Reflection led me to think of compiling for my own Advantage.

My Bookseller is pleased with the Title of my Book, as I said before, and he is responsible for my Materials also. He prints nothing that has not a Passport from his Reviewers, the best Critics, permit me to say it, aye, in all *England*. I am now at *London*, about this Affair, and have Opportunity of seeing how Matters go on.

Thus happy in Point of Means of raising Expectation, and also of satisfying it, it were unpardonable in me, not to value myself upon the executive Part. I do, most superlatively; and I am ambitious of pleasing those whom I have the Honour to address.

As to the *Stile*, it shall be perfectly easy, and what may be safely taken with any
Waters,

Waters. To say the Truth, I meant the first Volume to be taken with the Waters: I calculate it for a fix Weeks Course.

Could I do as Mr *Pope* advises *Belinda*, "with Wit like your own, set your Mind for the Day," I then would have my Ambition satisfied, in addressing the Beau Monde: I should then be equal to my Undertaking, and hit the Taste of my Readers.

But I fear the refined Taste, the delicate Strokes of Satyr, Natives of a certain Meridian, will not consent to be naturalized elsewhere; and that poor I must content myself, not being able to attain the Wit, nor emulate the Manner of those I admire. By their Example, I mean to laugh at all who are not present, and those too who are, when I can with Safety. I am aware of the Insipidness of Panegyric, be the Theme what it will. Satyr, oblique Satyr, is the Thing for Sale. My Bookseller has explained the Whole to me. Panegyric is enough to ruin the Trade; did my Genius lead me that Way, he would not indulge me in it. My Readers need apprehend nothing low; on the contrary, I hope our Acquaintance contracted this Season, will be continued hereafter, if I have not some other Occupation than that of exploring the quicquid agunt homines;
if

if I get a Place, or a Pension, it may perhaps render my Discourse fit for Parrots to repeat, when they are hungry; and it may be, that the Spleen sometimes gives Authors the same Propensity.

I shall not at present enter into that, but before I finish this Number, I must add, That I shall not be cramped with any Formality in my Work; no Latin Motto shall for the Future excite Attention. I mean to be read with a smooth Forehead, and unhesitating Voice. For tho', in Conformity to a Custom once in Vogue, I have at present taken a Sentence from one of the Ancients, I don't mean to continue to do so, as a Latin Sentence may sometimes occasion a Pause; and it may require too much Trouble, to vary every Motto, even in *English*. All my Papers then, upon the same Subject, shall have one Motto. I shall studiously endeavour to promote the easy Conveyance of my Ideas with fine Paper, handsome Type, large Letter, large Margin, and Ribbands to mark, proper Spaces at Top and Bottom, short Paragraphs, and shall put as little into the Paper as I possibly can: In short, no Care shall be omitted to please the Polite.

ESSAY III.

Mores & Studia dicam. VIRGIL.

IN writing my own History, I am naturally led to give the Characters of that Family for which I quitted my own. I must own, that without the Knowledge I acquired by conversing with them, and their Connections, I had been, perhaps, very unfit for the Work I have undertaken.

But be that as it may, my Reader will observe, from the Drama I am about to introduce, that I have had some very good Models for Study, in Point of my Disquisitions into the Customs of the World.

Of Lady *Magnesia*, I have before made Mention: Her Aim was rather to shine by Perfections, which seem more peculiar to Men, than by the Graces of her own Sex. To have made an accomplished Man, however, had she been one, she would have wanted several Ingredients; and Man or Woman, supposing one Atom of the Lady *Magnesia* remaining, I should have known it; and one unavoidable Whim, which was an Ingredient, so confounded with her Frame, that every Particle had its Share of it.

The Earl, her Husband, was no bright Man, but he would have made a very notable Woman: He had a busy Spirit, apt to interest itself, particularly in domestic Matters; and to do him Justice (as a good old Lady who loves to pickle and preserve) whether the Goods were his own or his Neighbour's, if so he has an Hand in the Cooking, all is well. Neither his Lordship nor his Lady can be properly ranked in the Class of fashionable Folks; but Nature has so formed them, that their Peculiarities effect in them what is effected in others by Affectation.

Their eldest Son, Lord *Alba*, is, I must also confess, strongly characterised by Nature, but she seems to have formed him in a Rage: High Passions! high Sense of Honour! But the Demon Play has shown him in such Lights as are almost incredible: Notwithstanding he has a good Understanding, a good Heart, and a good Temper. Howbeit neither his Heart nor his Temper is exempted from a Tincture of Weakness, upon certain Occasions, which avouch him his Father and Mother's Son.

I was several Times obliged to restrain him in various Things, especially when we were upon our Travels; but as Gallantry was none of these, I thought myself lucky he carried out no Amours with him, and

I per-

I persuaded myself he would be safe Abroad. This did not really happen. However I brought him Home unmarried: Soon after which his Godfather died, and left him a large Fortune; and the Consequence of this was, Applications were made to him, from all his Friends, to marry; and he, in my Opinion, yielded to their Importunities, rather than any Inclination of his own; when he made his Addresses to a young Lady, whose superior Character, and genteel Connections, induced his Family to wish her at the Head of it.

Lord *Alba's* Proposals, or rather those of his Father, were soon accepted of by Miss *Clairvoyan's* Family (so the Lady was called who was to grace our's): She had no Fortune; but she came to us as if she had had a very great one. Her Waiting-maid wore Conque de Perl, and it was jestingly said, a Necklace her Lady had left off wearing.—Lord *Magnesia* began to be in Fear for the Family Jewels: These perhaps might one Day be left off too. He had them secured immediately. I believe he was glad to do this also on Account of the Setting, as he himself invented the Taste in which they were set. His Lordship was a mighty Man for these Matters, and indeed for Accuracy in the Management of Family Concerns. He was also extremely

glad, I believe, there was such a Thing as Pin-money. Lady *Alba* had it given her, in order to secure her Husband from Expences in every Thing else; and yet with all this it did not appear to me that she was expensive; for when she had Opportunity to show herself, as presently after the Marriage she had Occasion to do, in her Choice of Mourning Weeds, for the Gentleman I have mentioned, as leaving her Lord his Heir, she went rather too frugally to Work; but of this Lady's Character I do not pretend as yet to decide. I went into the Country presently after her Marriage; she behaved with the greatest Propriety during that Occasion, insomuch that I am apt to suspect Ceremony to be her Master-piece: So perfect a Representation, and so strict a Command as she appeared to have over every Feeling, that one might have thought natural to a young Person, made me imagine her Character was that of Pride. If so, I shall find her very useful to me in these Essays; for I don't know a Temper more vain, or more prolific than Pride. I shall see Lord *Alba* in the Country, and hear the Character of his Wife. If the Family have given me no Reward for my Services in Specie, they at least have made me a Patrimony in Knowledge amongst them, which may perhaps turn out as considerable

ble as the other, if my Book sells well,
But to return.

It may to the candid Reader seem odd, that Lord *Alba*, in the prosperous Way he was, should not do something for me: I can only excuse him, by saying he did not think of it, nor did I ever put him in Mind. Had it occurred to him, I believe he would have done it; for he loved me, and was both good-natured and generous. This Instance however may serve to shew how imperfect Men are, and how necessary Instances of Distress are, to produce in us a Fellow-feeling.

Lady *Elizabeth* was next in Age to Lord *Alba*: Had she been in his Place, she would have been more mindful: She has naturally a good deal of Merit, and it has been improved by a very disagreeable Situation in Life. She was married, unfortunately, and left a Widow, in very indifferent Circumstances.

Mr *William Commea* was next in Age to Lady *Eliz. Bizzare*: He is the very Reverse of his Brother, Lord *Alba*: To him I could have said any Thing: To Mr *William* I never durst tell his Faults, but in Parables: Shame and Indignation would make him blush, when he understood my Meaning, but never had his Tongue the Grace to make Acknowledgments. Mr *William* was,
and,

and, to do him Justice, is to this Day, a most conceited Coxcomb. He is really very handsome, but then he knows it so well, and is so great a Tyrant to all his Adherents, whether Beaux or Belles (for he leads the Fashions, and of Consequence the Ladies) that his Conceit and Affectation makes him intolerable: Such as he is, however, he is Lady *Magnesia's* Favourite.

Lady *Annabella*, the youngest Hope of this illustrious Family, is very pretty; and is compleatly a fine Lady. With more Imagination than her Brother *William*, she has an equal Share of Impertinence: A Shepherdess, a Nymph, a Goddess: We are cheaply off when she goes no farther than being a Wit or Beauty, or even both together. It seems as if Nature had endowed her with a Variety of Gifts (for she is really clever) on Purpose to plague all about her. She is, as the Poet says, every Thing by Fits, and nothing long. Were she my Daughter, I should have no Patience with her. Her Parents, however, are of another Opinion: They admire her: The young Crow is white.—Were I to draw a Family Piece for the Whole of them, Lady *Magnesia* should sit dictating to me, her Secretary, like Queen *Zenobia* to the famed *Longinus*. Her Lord I would represent putting the Furniture to Rights in the
the

the Parlour, assisted by the Maids. Lord *Alba*, at a Table, employed with Maps and Globes, and Books lying by him, every Thing well, only a Dice-box peeping out of his Pocket. Mr *William*, a few Steps behind Backs, viewing himself in a Pocket Glass. Lady *Annabella*, upon a Wheel, turning herself round by an Handle, pictured like Fortune, for she will make her own. Lady *Elizabeth* should sit working a Piece of Embroidery.

In this Manner, were I to be their Painter, I would draw the Family. I have thus sketched them out, as 'tis from this Drama, and their Connections, that my Readers are to expect their principal Amusement; and Utility, from certain Views of the Modes or Manners, as they at present stand; together with some Animadversions upon the Passions, as they tend to Conveniency, or the contrary.

ESSAY IV.

— *The Harsher and Hide-Bounder*
The Damsels prove, become the fonder.

HUDIBRASS.

*The Fate of Lysander ; or a Lesson for the
 Beaux.*

IN considering the Passions œconomically, or as they tend to Conveniency, or the contrary, none ought rather to be treated on than Scorn or Contempt.

This Passion, when it enters into a Character, forms in it a Composition of Caprice and Vanity. It is often without Ill-nature, but never without the Appearance of it: It leads to Falsehood, prompting its Possessors to hang out false Colours. A vain conceited Character is always an affected one: Nothing hurts a Person so much with the Public, as a Spirit prone to Contempt. I am sorry to find it so much the leading Passion at present, that some Gentlemen seem wholly given up to it. 'Tis of all Things the most unbecoming in the polite Circle, and yet, if a Person takes it into his Head to assume it, Fifty to One he does not impose upon the Public, as they may learn from the Story of
 Ly-

Lyfander, for which Purpose I here introduce it.

Lyfander was the Admiration of the Beau Monde : He governed it at his Pleasure ; he gave Law to it and the Town. Beauty did not shine, but by his Approbation ; and his Praise could bestow it on the most ordinary Face. To be a Favourite of his, was deemed a Title to be esteemed, excellent ; and he dispensed Fate to the Fair at his Pleasure, he reserving to himself some principal Flame, whom, but for him, Nobody had minded, and whom his Applause raised to the Skies.

He went on thus the Oracle of Fops, and the Fair Ones, and in the Course of his Glory many Times had he seen the Reign of a Beauty commence and end ! Short is the Date of Charms, and shorter still their Date in the Eye of Fashion : A new Blow brings us a new Set of Beauties, as of Flowers.—Attend to this, ye Fair Ones, and whenever you meet with a Man of Worth, secure him.

Attend also ye Beaux to this important Lesson : Beaux soon grow old ! and sooner still in the Eye of Fashion ! *Lyfander* experienced this Truth ; he began to discover that Thirty-one was elder than Twenty-one. acknowledged as he was for the handsomest Man in every public Place. Though

he still adored, still sighed, still followed some chosen Fair One; though still his Eye looked Contempt; though still his Air shewed a Consciousness of Charming; yet he had the Mortification to perceive, that the young Ladies were now frequently carried off from him, by Men much his Inferiors.

Unable to submit to a second Place, when he had held the first, he determined to retire, upon a sentimental Passion; for of tender Feeling, *Lyfander* was incapable.

His natural Pride gave him an excellent Turn for what best suited his Plan: He formed his Design upon *Elmira*, a young Widow, who having been rather unlucky in a first Husband, did not think of a second.

She had an handsome Fortune, and lived with Splendour; her Assemblies were brilliant; her Acquaintances envied her Happiness; but she lived in too much Bustle to consider whether she was happy or no.

To such an House as her's, such a Man as *Lyfander* was easily introduced. Her House was the Centre of the Beau Monde. *Lyfander* seemed struck with Admiration: Her Vanity was charmed: She had heard of his Character; she had been uneasy he
had

had not been sooner introduced. *Lyfander* was then pursuing a Set of young Ladies, or rather leading them after him.

She distinguished our Hero in the most obliging Manner, thinking it added to her Importance: His Addresses grew particular, but she was disappointed: She supposed them paid to her Fortune, and imagined him a matrimonial Lover, but she was determined against a second Marriage.

She was mistaken in the Humour of *Lyfander*; being himself a Man of Fortune, he might have thought of Marriage, supposing *Elmira* had none; and to have it thought that Money was his Aim, would have hurt his Pride as much as it did her's. He had no Ideas of Life, but of Fashion: To appear with a fine Woman was as necessary to him, as with a fine Cane, or Snuff Box. Being left to himself, it was now become necessary to be particular, and in order to support his Credit, he affected a sentimental Passion.

When *Elmira* perceived the Turn of his Addresses alter, Vanity reassumed its former Place: As she was a Woman of Virtue, he had nothing further to hope; but she was too genteel a Woman, as Fashion goes, to be much scandalized at his Manner of Courtship. *Lyfander* only wanted the public Character of a Lover; indulged

in that, he would not have been uneasy about the Rest: With him her Innocence did not run much Risk.

Elmira, without perceiving this, trusted for Safety to her own Way of thinking, and I believe she was safe in it, for Pride was her favourite Passion; that is, Pride mixed with a little Vanity, as a Colour in Gum Water, to suit the Matter it has to set a Gloss upon.

Elmira had, besides this, a certain Coyness of Mind, which sufficiently secured her, she thought, from being too complying: She went on then with *Lysander*, and he had his Aim, which was to appear extremely busy, no Matter how needlessly employed.

This Intercourse however shewed him the Mind of his Mistress: Her Humour was a Match for his: Perpetually disappointed in his Expectation to touch her Heart, he was perpetually on the Watch to do it. She engaged his Vanity and Love of Pursuit; and he began at last to fancy he loved her.

Elmira was what is called a pretty Woman; a Sort of Praise, which rather refers to the Talents and Temper, than to the Genius and Understanding. *Lysander*, with all his Foibles, and notwithstanding the Whim that prompted him to them,

them, had Taste: He knew and approved of whatever was natural, though he has often laughed at it himself. *Elmira* pleased him when he saw her real Character, and, I think, more so than if she had been a Woman of very deep Penetration.

Lyfander was weak. Weak Men fear superior Understandings; and indeed without the Power, as well as the Will to conduct him, what would become of a poor Man, in the Hands of the Ladies?

Elmira was on her Part charmed with the Understanding she supposed in *Lyfander* (a Lady always does suppose every good Quality in her Lover): The Air of Superiority *Lyfander* assumed, she took for current Coin. In short, she verified the Poet's Maxim, which tells us, that

Women, born to be controul'd,
Stoop to the Forward and the Bold;
Affect the Noisy and the Loud,
The Gay, the Empty, and the Proud.

Elmira had been indifferent to several Men of Sense: She now became a Victim to a Coxcomb: She had rejected many advantageous Matches. Titles, Importance in Life, and a Fortune superior to that of *Lyfander*, had not been able to bribe her to give up her Liberty: She now resigns
it

it to be Queen of *Chintze* and *Culberteent*, as *Lysander* humourously termed it. His Wife, he told her, should be the Umpire of Taste.

They married, and governed the Beau Monde together. His Liking for *Elmira* overcame his Reluctance for Marriage, where he did not seem to receive a Boon; and when he was an Husband, Vanity was to be uppermost in that State. He appeared here as in all Things else, viz. With Ostentation. He was called the Pattern Husband: This pleased his Vanity; and his Behaviour entirely gained the Heart of his Wife.

The Character of *Elmira* was natural: She took no Pleasure in living for others. She had invited People about her, to dissipate her Thoughts, when she thought herself unhappy: She now thought herself happy, and looked into her own Mind for Enjoyment! The Hurry that surrounded her now seemed inconvenient: She proposed to *Lysander* to go to the Country, but he did not relish the Proposal.

ESSAY V.

— *The Harsher and Hide-Bounder*
The Damsels prove, become the fonder.

HUDIBRASS.

*L*ysander did not relish the Proposal of *Elmira*; he had no Pleasure but in being seen. To him it appeared impertinent, that she should think to controul him: Somewhat of this shewed itself in his Behaviour, when he declined the Motion, which he however did in the politest Terms.

Elmira's Delicacy was hurt. When the Heart is touched, we then see clearly. Her Eyes were opened to the Peculiarities of her Husband: Too gentle to reproach, too proud to expostulate; in the Agitation of her Mind, she contrived a Scheme, which flattered her Heart, and soothed her, as a Woman of Spirit.

She, in her Turn, affected the tip-top fine Lady: She affected Indifference for her Husband, when her Heart was bursting with Fondness; she seemed cold, when her whole Soul melted with Tenderneſs.

Lysander was roused; he had been palled with the unaffected Manners of his Wife; he chose to shew a Way as an Husband,
 but

but was uneasy to find a good Wife, rather than a fine Lady, as a Partner: The homely Turn she had taken, had not enough, he thought, of the genteel Air. *Elmira* altered her Behaviour, and it pleased her Husband.

Flushed with this first Success, she now sets up as a Rival to *Lyfander*: She puts on a foppish Air like him, insists upon being distinguished, and she accordingly is so.—In a married Family, where they have always Company, there must be a Table kept, and there the Devoirs are naturally paid to the upper End of it: The Husband's Guests are the Wife's Admirers, if she chooses it. He may, 'tis true, admire the Ladies she invites; but in this Situation he had only the second Place.

Elmira had the Honour of outshining her Husband, and he that of revering her for her genteel Behaviour: Though *Lyfander* appeared but as a Moon to *Elmira*, yet was he himself the chief Adorer of this Sun.

All other Women now appeared to him but as Stars, when she was present: He really thought so; here there was no Affectation. *Elmira* had hit upon a Method to charm him: She was not what one could call an accomplished Woman, but she

she was lively : She did not lay a premeditated Plan in concerting Matters, but she had the Talent of seizing in an Instant, when Occasion offered, the Hint of what would best serve her Purpose.

She did by her whole Behaviour so totally captivate *Lyfander*, that she began by Degrees to love him less.

Her Mind was sincere; his Affectation appeared despicable when she perceived it; and having lost the Opinion of his great Understanding, she insensibly began to despise him for the Defects of Nature, as well as for those himself had acquired. In short, in Proportion as she gained his Heart, he lost her's.

Unhappy *Elmira* ! ill-fated in regaining thy Liberty, as at first in the Loss of it ! The Eyes of this unfortunate Fair One, now opened to perceive his Foibles, saw Merit also more clearly than she had hitherto done.

Eudemus had long unsuccessfully loved her : *Eudemus* was a Man of real Merit : Undeceived by *Lyfander* she thinks on *Eudemus* with a Sigh !

They were Relations ; they sometimes met ; and the Regard she now had for him, rekindled in his Heart a Flame, which Time, and the Change of her Situation, had in some Measure extinguished.

Eudemus was a Man of Candour ; he had no wrong Opinion of his Cousin ; he did not suppose her Heart too favourable to him ; nor did she herself suspect it. They went on thus for a considerable Time, till *Elmira*, who was a Woman of Delicacy, perceived the Situation of her Mind with Respect to *Eudemus*.

An Accident led her to discover it : She dearly loved a Lady, who often made a Third, when her Cousin and she were together, and this afforded them an Opportunity of conversing. The World supposed *Eudemus* this Lady's Lover, and that she was favourable to his Passion. The Pain *Elmira* felt, when she heard this Report, discovered her own Passion.

Here I apprehend many of my Female Readers will think her too delicate : Suppose another Lady preferred before her for a Companion and Friend, this might naturally have raised her Spleen, yet Twenty Reasons might have been assigned, less serious than that *Elmira* pitched upon. But she was scrupulous ; she could not bear the Thoughts of a Passion for a Man not her Husband ; it was not enough for her that she could depend upon her own Conduct ; she determined to withdraw, by Degrees, from the Conversation of *Eudemus*.

demus. He perceived a Restraint in her Behaviour, and tenderly asked the Cause. She had too much Sincerity to conceal it from him.

Eudemus was struck with what she told him, and her Words opened his Eyes to the Situation of his own Mind; he perceived his Passion for her; he had not before perceived it; and for this he accounted to himself, by alledging, that a Passion, when favoured, has so much Scope, the Soul goes on as if asleep in other Matters. He sighed, and acquiesced in the Sentence of *Elmira*, which banished him. He respectfully withdrew.

Eudemus was a sentimental Lover; a Charmer not universal in our Age. I know not whether the Ladies will approve of him in all Things; but I am justifiable in writing his Character. Singular Characters are the Quarry of an Essayist: But to come to the Moral of my Tale.

Thus was *Lysander*, by his Foibles, rendered ridiculous; for the Story took Air, and he sunk under it: He was amiable, and his fine Person and good Address had gained him a Character much to be wished for. *Elmira* required only Sincerity to make her happy: Had her Husband been sincere in any one Thing, she would have been satisfied with the Character of being his

Wife: 'Twas his Falsehood, not his Imperfections, that disgusted her. There is a Nobleness in asserting what is true, in acquiescing in what is natural, in being really ourselves, which as far exceeds every assumed Excellence, as a Sword Knot right *Paris* exceeds any Sword Knot a *London* Milliner can make up.

If I mistake not the Taste of my Readers, they wish *Lyfander* ill, for being a Bar to the Lovers: I could say many interesting Things for them, were it to my present Purpose; but I design to speak to the Beaux in general, for the Sake, I own, of one particular Coxcomb, whom his Acquaintances may more readily guess, than I fear he himself will do.

ESSAY

ESSAY VI.

In delicate Conjunctions even the Wise are puzzled. SOPHOCLES.

IN my last two Numbers, I speculated for the Benefit of the fine Gentlemen in particular: It seems but fair Play to make this Address to the Ladies: They will expect it, and I must not disappoint them, even though at this Time I should have nothing more material to offer, than what is called *Beaux Language*, *Small Talk*, or something that for Want of more substantial Matter, may help to embellish the Subject. My Subject, as well as the general one of *Small Talk*, shall be the Ladies themselves. And here the Truth of the Adage of *Sophocles*, which I have chosen for my Motto forcibly presents itself to my Fancy; "In delicate Conjunctions even the Wise are puzzled." How much more then shall I be so now, who have to select, from an Immensity of Materials, the Things most proper to be said to those Fair Ones, the Guardianship of whom constitutes my Pride and Pleasure? My Predecessor, Mr *Fitz-Adams*, has compared the different Characters of Women, to different Styles of Painting: His Predecessor,

cessor, the *Tatler*, has likened them to different Instruments of Music: And Mr *Pope*, who has employed his Thoughts much upon them, reckons them above Comparison, and not to be likened to any Thing, not even to themselves.*

The Matter is copious and important, and I am by no Means surprized, that it has employed the Pens of those able Persons, who have each so well maintained his Opinion, that one must needs agree with them all. The Sex are as expressive as Painting, delightful as Music, and sublime as those Skies which the ingenious Mr *Pope* invokes to his Assistance, when he is speaking of them.

I once had some Acquaintance with a Gentleman, skilled in Rosicrucian Studies; and, I must own, I look on this Acquaintance as what might have been of considerable Advantage to me in Life, had I made the proper Use of it: By the Hints he let fall, I might have got from him very valuable Secrets: He even offered me an Elixir, by the Application of which, as well externally as internally, a modern Woman may become as beautiful as her Great Grandmother, *Eve*; which Lady, he agreed with *Milton* in believing that she was fairer than any of her Daughters. He likewise of-

* See his Epistle upon that Subject.

fered me a Rouge, which applied with the other beautifying Composition, made the Complexion exactly such as that of our first Parent.

What a Misfortune it is to be blind to Futurity! Had I availed myself of those Advantages I neglected (as the Time I mention was before the Days of Pearl Powder) I might have substituted, in its Stead, something still more beautiful: And as this Country has since been visited by the illustrious Count de St *Germain*, whom every Body acknowledged to be a very considerable Adept, as a Rosicrucian, and who does, in my Opinion, come the nearest to my old Acquaintance, in Skill, of any one I have ever met with. Had I had a Recipe from him, we might have outbraved Age and Infirmities. I could then have composed the Elixir as fast as demanded. A Dutcheß had not been cheated out of her second Youth by her Waiting-maid; but every Age and Quality might have had perpetual Supplies of Health, Beauty, and Vigour, and every Thing else desirable, at a very moderate Rate.

What Joy and good Humour must this have diffused, among a Race so prone to Improvement as the present, and who seem so especially to have attained that Degree of Transparency (shall I call it) so proper

to

to shew every Thing. A Mirror is not more useful in giving an exact Picture of the Outside, than we are in giving one of the Inside. The Light which illuminates that glassy Body, is not more assisting in Vision, than our Behaviour is to the declaring our Minds; nor does the Air, that celestial Medium, administer more to the Light, than we to the Display of ourselves.

Formerly it was a Maxim, in Prudence, for Ladies to have a little Reserve, and for Gentlemen to have a little Ceremony; because in those Days all People might not be so absolutely and unreservedly fitted to think aloud. But now what an happy Change of System, the Whole founded, no Doubt, on general Improvement.

“Speak, that I may know thee,” was the Saying of an ancient Sage. In this latter Age, how needless such flow Method! Go into an Assembly, and with a Cast of your Eye you may with Ease form your Opinion of them. Blessed Freedom of Manners! how dost thou then exalt the present above former Times! In giving this Praise, however, I must be allowed more particularly to give it to People of Fashion; all others are not as yet come into this perfect Elegance of Manners. Let me here cite Mr *Fitz-Adams*, as to what

what he says of People of Fashion; the Term is complex, but he seems perfectly Master of the Subject, and tells us in one of his Papers, in order to explain how this Race is formed, "that People of Fashion make one another." I shall only farther premise, that by the common Name I mean both Sexes indiscriminately, as in *Genesis*, Man and Woman go by the Name of *Adam*. With me the Phrase (a Person of Fashion) stands equally for Male and Female, according as the Context requires, when I have Occasion to speak of this New or Self-creation, as they may properly be called; and this Doctrine of the Whole may serve for every Part. Nor can I, by not pointing them out, offend People whose Aim seems to be to form themselves into a Resemblance of each other: I say, form themselves, as I intimated at the Beginning, that Second Nature is my Subject.

To People of Fashion I shall be particularly beholden, for the Means of performing the Promise I made in my first Pages, of explaining how Things stand at present in the World. By their Means I shall be able to illustrate what I say by Examples. And in order to go surely to work, I shall take the Opportunity here of performing another Part of my Promise, by explaining Terms according to their im-

G

plied,

plied, rather than their present received Signification, which will throw a great Light on what I have to say. Mr *Locke* gives it positively as his Opinion, that it is absolutely necessary for the Sake of Perspicuity to explain Terms, and that there is no arguing or being understood without it. As to arguing, it does not signify much to me; I shall only have Occasion to assert; but it is absolutely necessary I should be understood, otherwise the Utility of what I say will be lost.

The Terms I shall have most Occasion to use in treating my Subjects will be, I imagine, *Tendencies*, for the Passions; *Necessity* for the Vices: And these Words may also serve to express the Accidents they occasion, if we do not chuse, for the Sake of Variety, to express those last-mentioned by the general Term of *Things unavoidable*: Things good and lucky, may be signified by Words as they stand in the Dictionary, with the only Addition of *extremely, immensely, inconceivably*, and such-like pretty Superlatives. Second Nature the Dictionary may define Habit, Education, or something of that Kind; but the Word by which I shall express it, when People talk of their original Nature, is *Constitution*, as that may tend to apologize in some Cases where Matters have turned out ill,

ill, and where the malicious World may attribute that to the Will, which those to whom it may have happened are not willing to ascribe to any Thing but Destiny. I must further add, that all Words expressing the Power of Destiny, do, in the Language belonging to my System, retain their full Force.

It remains to be observed, that as to *Second Nature*, when I shall have Occasion to mention it, I shall find it as complex as the Description of its Authors would be, and as full of Variety too, since, by the Nature of Things, the Manners Men form themselves to, are the Produce of their own Minds; their *Constitutions*, as they themselves will term it, or their *Humours*, as I shall have further Occasion, in different Cases, to explain.

Mean While I am glad that it has fallen so naturally in my Way as it has done in this Paper, to premise so far as I have here premised: I look upon it as a good Omen at first in handling this elegant Subject, and do, with the most profound Reverence, take Leave of my Readers.

ESSAY VII.

— *If Truth imprinted deep
In that Knight's Mind, and Words in bitter Tears did sleep,
Ah! luckless Babe, born under cruel Star,
Full little weenest thou what Sorrows be
Left thee for Portion of thy Livelihed,
Poor Orphan, in the wide World scattered;
As budding Branch, rent from the native Tree,
And thrown forth till it be withered.*

SPENCER'S Fairy Queen.

THERE is no Branch of Second Nature more destructive in its Effects upon Society, than that of desiring to shine, without rightly considering the Consequences of the Action by which we mean to make ourselves illustrious.

A Moralist may be apt to consider this Phrase, as ill adapted to the Subject I am about to undertake; but I do not mind that; I write for the Polite, the Elegance of whose Taste disdains vulgar Morals, and their Sound: To them I should rather apologize for my Subject, were it not that this Affair comes entirely within my Province, as I have professed to treat on the Oeconomy of the Passions.

If a Person like me should wink at some particular Innovations, Decency will be trod down, Order will be overturned, and then
adieu

adieu to all Distinction between Demi-reps, Women of Character, and abandoned Women: Adieu also to Distinction amongst Women of too much Spirit to mind Character at all: Adieu to all Precision in those Matters at present so universally understood in the Beau Monde, that no Women of Fashion, and properly polite, can be more at a Loss for her Place at this Table of Fame, than for her Place at the Herald's Office. The Beau Monde possess Decency and Decorum; not one belonging to it would bear a jarring Sound in a musical Instrument, or an ill-sweet Ball-room; and their peculiar Attention to what is fit, makes me the more solicitous to guard certain Passes. All Things I do, I readily acknowledge, are upon a Footing quite unexceptionable at present; but when Perfection is so critical, one necessarily fears that Process of Time may work a Change; and I would therefore, allowing the Exceptions to be made for violent Passion, unavoidable Circumstances, and Points of Honour, all which must be granted, as Excuses to middling People, to such as are not too high flown, in Point of Manners or Religion. Those Exceptions apart, I say, I must observe, in Quality of the Office I have undertaken, that certain Actions, when only the Product of Whim,
are

are better let alone for the Sake of Society.

One would not like to have an hunch-back'd Daughter ; she is unfit to appear : One would not, for the same Reason, wish to have a Daughter of bad Fame: A young Woman of bad Character is contrary to our Manners : Supposing such an one, she must be concealed or given up, and in either Case the Door is opened to Impropriety. To secure that Door, is an essential Point ; and to do so, no Way seems to me so effectual, as that Fathers and Mothers of Families should live as they ought. I speak from the Nature of Things, and in general ; I have no particular Pair at present in View. When I animadvert upon what the Bible calls Adultery, and the gay World Gallantry, 'tis not my Business, by being particular, to offend any one ; at the same Time I would not rob any of my Readers of the Pleasure of observing this is like such or such a Story. Twenty, I will own, may be guessed ; and therefore the Case seems to me to call the rather for Animadversion. What gave Rise to my thinking of it at present, is a Paragraph I casually saw in a Letter from the Country To-day : It struck me, and I, in Favour of the Subject of it, have left another, though of
Con-

Consequence, in this Work, to a future Opportunity.

The Paragraph in Question is this:
“The 'Squire came down Yesterday, and
“has brought along with him the famous
“——: She passes with him as his Mistress. His Wife is as fine a Woman as
“she is, and so she does not mind it.
“'Tis said the 'Squire and his Lady have
“agreed each to pursue their own Pleasures! All the Country pity the poor
“Children.” And well they may, as my
Readers will allow, when I inform them,
that the Blank stands instead of the
Name of a famous Courtesan, a Kind of
Women one would not willingly commit
the Education of their Children to,
though we know from Mrs *Constantia Phillips*
herself, that she always was a good
Sort of a Woman, and must allow her to
be particularly fit for the Education of
Youth, as she actually, when the Decline
of her Charms gave her Leisure, took to
that Occupation, by setting up a Boarding-
school in *Jamaica*. The Letter I have
quoted mentions, in another Place, that
the 'Squire lives wonderfully elegant: For
elegant, I could, I think, venture to substitute
opulent; and Opulence is, I take it,
the Parent of most of the Whims of most
People, who want Imagination to invent
Singu-

Singularities, or have not been endowed with them by Nature. 'Tis Ten to One whether the 'Squire incurs a Premunire by my Statute: I shrewdly suspect 'tis Whim that influences him.

The Notion of doing something others can't do, in Point of Fortune, is a most frequent Source of Action with many young Men: To appropriate a Thing common, seems to need an additional Zest, to what belongs to the natural Flavour. I own there is a good deal of Ease in conversing with a Woman one does not esteem. A Man is under no Restraint with those Sultanas. To see them indeed, one would believe that nothing could exceed the Respect paid them: They insist upon it, and it adds to the Amusement of the ingenious Gentlemen who purchase their Favours to carry on this Farce; but still a Man has the Consciousness, that such a Person with whom he converses has no Pretence to command Respect; he is therefore easy. This Principle, how latent soever, governs him.

But though I have been candid enough to make Allowances in certain Cases, and though I can understand the Indulgence of such a Principle as I now suppose, I absolutely cannot allow it to go for an Exemption from the Law of the Land; because

because the Law of the Land secures us against Neglect of the Offices of Life, and of our Situation; and that according to the View in which I see Things (of which I have said something in the Beginning of this Paper) I cannot, I must insist, dispense with Offences against the Law, except in very particular Cases. As for Example; if Passion is so violent as not to be restrained, what, in that Circumstance, can poor human Nature do, but give Way? And of Consequence what can an Essayist of my Sort say against it? Again, if an Husband is impertinent, what can a Man of Honour do less, than assert the Lady's Cause, and show himself her Man? Or, if a young Lady's Relations find Fault with the Affiduities of her Admirer, because he has the Misfortune to be married, what can be done, if the Lady has Spirit, and can't be controuled, but to expose the whole Matter in the Face of the World? Such special Cases as these one must admit; but these and some few others excepted, I must declare it my Opinion, that all Violators of established Rules, ought to be bound over to the Peace; for Example is catching, and therefore all Violators of Decorum ought to be punished.

As this is a Matter of so very great Consequence to Refinement in Life, I must

H

insist,

insist, as before, that Whim is not to be Umpire in this Case ; and indeed I am of Opinion, that I shall be forced, one Time or other, to examine what is, and what is not Whim. To put any Restrictions upon Humour, *Englishmen* would, I am sensible, no more bear it, than they would a Restriction upon the Liberty of the Press. I myself love a real Jest, and so much, that the starved, forced Conceits of some lean-witted Rogues, of my Acquaintance, make me call out with *Julius Caesar*, in *Shakespear*, for a Man that is fat.

Nothing can possibly be more distressing to a Man of any Feeling, when those Subjects are in Question, than that Jumble of Impertinence, thrown out by People who mean to shine, without the Letters Patent of Nature, granting them Permission to do so. Poetic Justice one has in this Case ; they never go unpunished ; but poetic Justice is not enough for me, as Writer of these Essays : As such, I insist on the high Jurisdiction of Order, since without this, we must consider, that if Opulence be substituted for Elegance, a Plumb may take Place for a Plume, an *India* Director's Wife out-top a Countess, and the *Mansion-house* be more brilliant than *St James's*. I shall add no more, being persuaded, that what I have
said

said must be sufficient, both to apologize for myself, and to rouse others to enter into the Spirit of my Argument, that Taste will, in Self-defence be asserted, and that real Elegance, the Belle Air, and the Je ne sçai quoi, so unrivalledly possessed by People of Fashion, will not be given up in any of their Departments; but that on the contrary, the Magic Circle, wherein the Polite walk, will, for the future, be railed in beyond the Power of Enchantment.

ESSAY VIII.

— If Truth imprinted deep

*In that Knight's Mind, and Words in bitter Tears did sleep,
Ah! luckless Babe, born under cruel Star,
Full little weenest thou what Sorrows be
Left thee for Portion of thy Livelihed,
Poor Orphan, in the wide World scattered;
As budding Branch, rent from the native Tree,
And thrown farth till it be withered.*

SPENCER'S Fairy Queen.

PERHAPS I may be reckoned rather trite in my last Paper, how necessary soever the Subject: The Offence is so common, and has been so frequently animadverted upon by all my Predecessors, that tho' in one Point of View, it shows the Necessity of my Labour, it does in all others, shew, I may miss of Thanks for it.

Thus much, I think, is right to observe, with Respect to my Male Readers; but as I am at present to address the Ladies, I flatter myself, what I have to say will be quite new. For though my Predecessor, the *Spectator*, has mentioned some of the *French* Modes, as receiving Visits in Bed, or at the Toilet; and tho' my more immediate Predecessor, Mr *Fitz-Adams*, has handled very fully several polite Practices, I do not recollect that any one has

has treated of Adultery in the Fair Sex; that Theme seems reserved for me, from my peculiar Happiness in the Terms upon which I speculate. The Whole of the Case considered, I must assert, though I own 'tis bold, (as well as what I have said, that I am the first of my Class who has animadverted upon the Subject) that, in my Opinion, Adultery, though polite, though spirited, is not sufferable in any Woman in these Countries: And the Reason is plain from Family Considerations. We have, within our Memory, seen several Ladies and their Daughters renounce the Roman Catholic Religion; and I cannot be quite clear, that there is not something incompatible between the Reformed Religion and the Practice I disapprove. A Popish Lady has ten thousand Advantages in carrying on such a Practice, to what we have: She, at certain Periods, confesses, is absolved, and all is well: But in this Country, till I can perceive clearly, that no small Shock of an Earthquake shall put any Lady in Fear for her Life, or her China, or induce her to sit all Night on her Couch, rather than play at Cards, I must discourage all Practices, that may at a gloomy Hour dishearten my Disciples. To shew the Way to Happiness is one Branch of my Business. I must therefore

fore take Heed to inculcate what does not interfere with it.

'Tis for this Cause that in the present Work I believe it proper to animadvert upon Practices that tend towards a Deviation from Rules established upon the Point now before me. We must guard the Passes, to secure the Citadel; and I must, as Instructor of those whose Exigencies may require it, lay before the Public, what appears to me to be necessary. In this Light I must, in Quality of Inspector General into the Uses and Tendencies of Things, utterly put in a Caveat against Gallantry in married Ladies, till a Bill can be brought into Parliament, for allowing the Roman Catholic Religion to such Ladies as adopt certain Practices. Till this is the Case, there is no avoiding that Indecorum; to avoid which, I have observed, is so necessary, that I don't believe the true Spirit of *Lavender* is more so to either Beau or Belle.

That the 'Squire's Lady, mentioned in my last, may mean nothing, when she says, she will follow her Pleasures too, I can sooner believe, than be certain her Husband will take it for granted. The Letter says, "She is as fine a Woman as the other, and therefore minds it not." I know too much of the polite World,
not

not to know that a young Lady may talk so from Pique, without minding a Lover a Farthing, or any Thing farther than vexing her Husband: Returning the Affront is enough for the Lady's Flouncing, and she may grow quiet again. But I would ask her, if her Marriage Settlements have been properly made, to admit of Quarrelling; and if she has Resolution to withstand Contempt, should the Prudes flout at her? For this Lady has not Quality enough to carry all before her, as a Woman of higher Rank might possibly be allowed to do. I am sorry for the Difficulties in the Case of the 'Squire's Lady; but as they came, I think, from our Legislature, till we can remedy the one, we must submit to the other. This is indeed very hard, and must appear in all its Horrors to our Ladies, as the universal Mode of going to *France* must make them acquainted with a different Scene. Gallantry, and every Kind of Politeness, is established amongst our elegant Neighbours: No *French* Husband can, by the Establishment of their Manners, use his Wife ill. It were lucky were we upon the same Footing; but till we are, I shall, for the Benefit of the Afflicted, mention a Set of Modes of the *French* Ladies, which may have escaped the Observation of our Travellers.

A *French* Lady feeds and cloaths the Indigent ; she instructs the Ignorant ; she has Employments of this Kind which take up some Parts of her Time. This Observation I have made in *France* ; the Women there are extremely elegant ; but, to me, their principal Charms do not so much depend upon their Rouge, their Mouches, their Powder, or Exactness in Dress, as in that perpetual good Humour, and those lively Spirits they continually enjoy ; and the Means of their having them, I scruple not to say, I have attributed to the constant Employments the above-mentioned Offices give them : I therefore wish to introduce an Amusement, for the Benefit of those Ladies who have so much Cause to fret.

Without Action the human Mind stagnates ; without Variety, too, it grows dull ; and I dare answer for it, with all her Vivacity, a *French* Lady would do so, were she confined to her Knotting Needle, her Husband, her Lover, and her Cards, as comprehending the Sphere of her Activity : For in *France*, by the established System, no Woman of Quality takes upon her the Management of Family Affairs. Not to do so, is a Maxim there, as much as it can be the Practice of any fine Lady here ; and this has probably thrown the *French* Women

men into the Habit of looking out for Substitutes to employ their vacant Time ; and those Substitutes have proved effectual. I therefore recommend them to all injured and piqued Ladies.

The above Injury from Husbands, with all others which submissive Wives have to suffer, is surely one of those Cases where *superior Understanding* and *common Sense* have somewhat to settle between them. People of Spirit are not made to brook Affronts, and their Indignation easily suggests to them twenty Means of revenging them, and giving the Person offending as good as he brings : To do so naturally occurs to the Understanding, as too high to yield to suffering unjustly, whilst common Sense may, from a Necessity it perceives, submit to do it with becoming Chearfulness, as that may be a Means to gain better Terms. I am, for my own Part, an Admirer of Spirit, and I should scarcely have taken up the Pen to address such polite Readers as those I write for, had I had any previous Notion of contradicting them ; but I must ingenuously confess, that well affected as I am to their Side of the Argument, I must here humbly own, that I do agree with common Sense, in thinking Submission best, where one can't avail one's self of the contrary.

I

It

It depends much on the Sagacity of Parents in putting a young Lady into her Husband's Hands, whether or no she shall thwart him afterwards : If she is independent by her Settlements, she may then do what she will ; but if she is not, tho' I speak it with Regret, I must say she had better make Court to her Husband : He has, by our Establishment, so many Ways of distressing her, that she can make nothing of Resistance : She therefore had better not attempt it, as good Nature at first is the easiest practised : The Sufferer has certain Palliatives besides. She may secretly despise her Husband ; she may laugh at him behind his Back ; she may complain of him to a Confident ; she may draw Comparisons between him and a Lover ; she may encourage this Lover, though I advise her against it. And the 'Squire's Lady in particular, if I guess right, may torment her Husband, without incurring any Penalty by it. He has left her ; she may seem not to mind it ; and, my Life for it, if she does, his Pride will feel it. His Mistress too will be piqued, to be of so little Consequence : To overlook is the very safest Revenge a Wife has in her Power, and 'tis one, too, that may reclaim an Husband to behave more properly. I know not how it is,
but

but the more Failings an Husband has, the more apt he is to be circumspect with his Wife. Those spirited, elegant, or opulent Gentlemen, are mighty fond of Modesty and Meekness in Women; and when a Lady considers she is, whilst practising those Qualities, making a Satyr upon her Husband, she may, methinks, submit to do so, at least for the Jest's Sake.

ESSAY IX.

In delicate Conjunctions even the Wise are puzzled.

SOPHOCLES.

HAVING in a former Paper undertaken a Matter of great Weight and Consequence; and having chosen my Subject, according to the Advice of *Cicero*; and having also, according to Mr *Locke's* Advice, explained my Terms; and, according to still higher Authority, having declared, that Men and Women are included in a general Name, and that by that general Name both are to be understood; it further occurs to me, as a Thing not unnecessary, to distinguish the particular Modes peculiar to each Sex; for I would not mislead any into the Understanding of what I have to say too literally: In order to avoid which, I declare, that there are Male and Female Manners; to define and establish which, and to shew how Things differ or agree, is the Intent of this Number.

In the first Place, then, it is by one (I forget who) very justly, remarked that Appearance is the Robe of Virtue; and in my Disquisitions into Life, I have observed Dress, to be a necessary Means to appear polite,

lite, and very naturally so, for it gives every Idea of the Person necessary to be had, as the Intercourse of the modish World is carried on chiefly by the Eyes. Visits are now properly the Affair of the Porter's Book; without it Nobody is admitted: And when the Beau Monde meet at Assemblies, Routs, Drums, and Hurricanes, it is produced. Assumed Gesture is here the Whole that is necessary, and of this Gesture every Belle is in Possession; whether she speaks, or seems to listen, the Passions vary very properly in her Countenance: Surprise, Joy, and Grief are seen there, as well represented, as *Le Brun* could represent them, and with the proper Softenings, fit for the Place and the Person: Those Passions shew themselves such as become the Features of the Lady; and if her Features, or her Humour, do not correspond with the Passions, we see, instead of these Impressions, those of some of their Train; as Attention, Approbation, Dissent, and such-like. In short, all this is so well understood, and so properly expressed, at all public Places, that I take this Occasion to give it my Applause; and to declare, that I am perfectly satisfied, and delighted with the pretty Groupes of Beaux and Belles I see conversing, whose Air, Mein, and Emphasis, whether in speaking, or in hearing, is,
to

to the Eye of the Beholder, quite well adapted and consonant, I say, both in Beau and Belle: For the fine Men have their military Air, their eager Air, their dying Air, or their easy Air, according as they mean to intimate to the Spectators, their Intention to persuade; to entertain, to move, or to speak.

All this is right, but I have a Word or two to say upon Dress. Appearance, as I said, has been called the Robe of Virtue. Now suppose by a Metaphor (a Thing not uncommon to be used) we take the Robe for the Virtue, the Dress for the Merit, of him or her who wears it, and we hit a Case very common amongst us.

As Dress, then, or Appearance, is in general the Merit of the Beau Monde, I cannot be blamed for considering it attentively.

I have done so: I therefore declare, that notwithstanding a Change of Manners, which I perceive, in several Instances, take Place, between the fine Men and Women of my Acquaintance, I cannot possibly permit it in Dress.

For Example, I have seen, at one Time, a Lady wear as much Ribband streaming from the Knot of her Sleeve, as might have wrapped the Hilt of a Sword; and so
much

much I could allow to Mode; but I could not have allowed it, had I seen the Lady wear a Sword, or even a Stiletto; though this is the Mode in some Countries, I should have reckoned it too fierce for our Manners, and a Thing also out of Character; as fine Women, at present, do by no Means appear cruel.

In like Manner I can allow a fine Gentleman a Lawn or Muslin Handkerchief tied about his Neck, or held to his Mouth, when mounting Guard, when the Wind is cold, even tho' the said Handkerchief should have been snatched from a Lady's Neck; because the Delicacy of fine Men is such, that to save them from Cold, may very naturally pass for the Reason of having such an Handkerchief; but I can't admit of showing Lockets or Pictures, when taken from Ladies, except the Lady be a Wife or Sister; in which Cases I have observed the Temptation to cease.

I allow the Ladies, if married, to wear the Breeches, but must beg a Petticoat may be worn over them. To the Gentlemen I likewise grant a little Whalebone in their Haunches, if Fashion should require it, for the Ladies have almost left off Hoops, and our *Greenland* Fishery must be taken Care of. In short, a Give and Take Purse, or In-puts, I am not against, but let the Hu-

Humour run never so high, I cannot approve of more.

From Dress, I proceed to consider Play: As that makes a considerable Part of genteel Appearance, I allow the Men and Women to play upon equal Terms. High Bets at Cards, Dice, &c. I indiscriminately allow them, together with late Hours, Company, every Thing the same, only I can't allow the Ladies to go to *White's*. The Decency in Point of Play is local; let it be preserved here, and elsewhere every one may do as he will.

In treating the above Subject, I have sought out the Motive from which certain Practices are derived, making my Researches therein, by a Disquisition into the Fitness of Things.

And this Fitness I take to be generally understood: I can't doubt it, when I hear the Reasonings and Assertions of most of my Acquaintances, even of those who think the least; for tho' I have followed Mr *Locke* in some Things, as has been seen above, I can't agree with him in supposing Ideas not innate, my Opinion being on the contrary, that we have them all by Intuition; and from their Variety, I suppose (from the general good Taste) that we form our Systems from what is most fit, and vary them as Occasions require.

To

To suppose otherwise, one must believe most People know little of themselves; but I, for my Part, am no such Cynic. I believe on the contrary, from the Tenor of what I hear from all my Acquaintances, that just Reasoning, true Deductions, every Virtue, and most good Principles, are Things existing in us. A very happy Circumstance this in itself, and one which gives me great Spirit in pursuing those Labours; being fully convinced, that I need but mention my Doctrines to have them approved. For my Doctrines unfold what is fit; and what is fit, every Person in this enlightened Age, finds ready formed in him or herself, and will acknowledge it, as soon as it is presented to the Mind.

ESSAY X.

There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth.
PROVERBS.

I Promised my Readers an Account of Lady *Alba*: I now have seen her at her Lord's House in the Country (from which I am just returned after a Visit of a Week): I think to characterize this Lady will not be offending against the Laws of Hospitality, as she gave me a complete Banquet of her Humours, served up with so much Ostentation and Art, that certainly she did not intend it should be made a Secret of.

But though her Ladyship's whole Manner is assumed, and the Whole of her Conduct feigned, I shall not class her amongst my Subjects of Second Nature: There is a Sprightliness she wants, to give her the proper Relievo to appear in the Groupe of my favourite Characters. I have set her down, therefore, under the Article of Pride, an Article which takes up one whole Fourth Part of my common place Book.—An Hint this to my Readers, that I labour for them, often in a Way disagreeable to myself.

The

The Characters marked in this Article of Pride, are as far from natural, as are any of those wrote out under any of my other Classes, but with this peculiar Difference, that they come from an inherent Spirit in the Person, which tinctures the Conduct from original Matter, rather than from adopted Custom: This gives a Stiffness to the Behaviour, and makes such Objects much less brilliant. As they are useful, however, I shall paint them, and shall at present say a Word of Lady *Alba*, premising first, that though of all the Productions of Nature, Pride is that which has most Variety: At the same Time, I must own there is a Sameness in modern Pride, and a Lowness which makes it a barren Subject. The Weeds of the Field, though various, are no agreeable Sight: But perhaps this Observation of mine arises from Spleen, at the Manners of Lady *Alba*. Another Person may have Taste in reading what disgusts me in writing, and even need not despair of seeing Connoisseurs in Weeds; for we have already Connoisseurs in Reptiles and Insects, and in Sea Weeds. Pride, in its modern Dress, may become a fit Subject to speculate upon, as it is practised; nay, I believe 'tis become a Science already; 'tis what the

gay World chuse to shine in. But to return to Lady *Alba*.

She received me, when I arrived, as Lady of the Manor; that is, she shewed me she took that Trouble, because it was her Place to do so: Upon this Footing, she asked me a thousand Questions; as what I liked, how I would have my Room ordered, and many such Things, which would have discomposed my Indolence, had it not been for the Pleasure I took in seeing her so exact, as this seemed to contradict the Prejudice I had conceived against her, at her first coming amongst us. The penurious Look of Supper, when it appeared, still heightened this Idea in me; and I was confirmed in my Opinion of her Ladyship's Oeconomy, when next Morning, on my Arrival in the Breakfast Room, she wondered to see me, and said her Lord had told her I was fatigued, that she imagined I would keep my Room, and she feared I would find the Tea weak, being made but for two People.

Upon this tacit Permission I kept my Room pretty frequently afterwards, and had the Tea Pot brought to me. I mistake if it did not contain more than what would have served one Person: The House-keeper had sent it. I perceived it would have

have been more comfortable to have boarded with her than with Lady *Alba*, though that Lady's Oeconomy, I discovered, extended no further than the Room she lived in.

She chose to give her Lord the Appearance of Want and Parsimony, whilst she was pleased to live at an Expence in the Family, that was rather more than his Fortune would allow; and then she used to tell the Amount of the Bills that were brought in, but did not add, paid; from a Principle of Veracity, I suppose; and Lord *Alba* was too delicate to tell her of her Management in the Family, as, for a very good Reason, he lived within the Verge of the Court.

Her Mother was a gay Lady, but had bred her up frugally; and it was expected that this Circumstance, with the Difficulties she had been used to, would teach her Management as a Wife. Our Family, too, thought it an Obligation upon her for that Purpose, as Lord *Alba* was so good a Match for her, but this I believe made her ten Times worse; for least it should be thought that she was obliged by being made rich, she used incessantly to tell her Husband, she could not live upon his Fortune; and to prove it, she was lucky that so much was squandered by her House-keeper,

keeper, while she herself put on the Appearance of Want.

She one Day teased Lord *Alba* a good deal before me, upon the Difficulties she had to live on his Income. I was afraid he would have lost his Temper : He did not however. Far from telling her that he was richer than her Father, he contented himself, with saying, that the Lady in whose Possession the House was before they enjoyed it, lived in great Abundance, and that he now possessed all her Husband had.

Gentle as this was, a personal Example had more Effect in provoking Lady *Alba*, than possibly any Thing else could have had ; she fell into a Rage, and asked if the beggarly Manner in which People lived an hundred Years ago, would suit the present Times, or the Manner in which she had modelled his Family.

I will own to the Ladies, that Lady *Alba* had some Reason to be provoked, (since what Woman can bear to hear another praised) yet at the same Time she knew her Husband meant no Harm, and that would have been a Palliation with some People. However, since it was not so with her, I was glad Lord *Alba* did not enter into the Merits of the Cause, by talking to her any further of the Lady she

she succeeded, who was not, to be sure, an hundred Years older than herself.

This old Lady, I found upon Enquiry, had had the old-fashioned Trick of Hospitality: 'Tis true she had no Ostentation with it, nor did she boast of her Oeconomy: She gave a good plain Dinner in the Parlour, and her Servants were contented to eat the Fragments: She appeared pleased and civil to all her Guests, and this Lord *Alba* liked.

Lady *Alba* having said what she thought fit, and having no Answer from her Husband, never minded his bad Humour, but continued a Piece of Work she was about, and asked him his Opinion of it, with as much Indifference as if they had been the best Friends in the World.

Lord *Alba* was piqued: When she left the Room he said to me, with a Shrug, *Solomon* tells us, "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth." One might, I fancy, make a Motto for Lady *Alba*, with a Meaning directly the reverse, since with the Affectation of seeming to encrease she scatters. I never entertain my Neighbours, without being ashamed that I don't give them as good a Dinner as they give me, yet my Estate is the best in the Country. They grow rich, and I don't save a Farthing.

Lord

Lord *Alba* began to talk of his younger Years: I trembled, on his mentioning a certain Lady he was in those Days fond of; and so I diverted the Discourse, and retired very sorry for him.

An Husband is always most proper to give a Motto for his Wife. There is a Smartness in those little Epigrams worthy of *Martial*. I have known Men not very lively, yet very smart upon such a Subject. Lord *Alba* has Spirit, he feels, but has too much Delicacy to use a bon Mot where he is galled so deeply.

As he did not put his Motto in Writing, I have, in Allusion to it, taken its Reverse for the Motto of this Paper, which I cannot by any Means conclude, without assuring the Ladies, that there is nothing so disgustful as Pride in domestic Life. The Appearance of it has got into Lady *Alba's* Features, and deformed them more than the Small Pox could have done. The Traces of our Thoughts influence our Features. I know few Instances to the contrary. And therefore I protest I rather would, were I a fine Woman, leave off the Use of Rouge, than cease to be good-natured.

ESSAY XI.

*A narrow Space
 Confines the Circle of our distant Race ;
 'Tis our's with Good the scanty World to grace.*
 POPE.

SOMETIME ago I wrote something to ridicule Affectation and Foppery, had the Person for whom I wrote this minded it: Not but Lady *Betty Bizare*, to whom I often shew my Essays, has taken a Hint I by no Means designed to give her. A plain Proof this, that People make every Thing answer their own Purposes.

Lady *Elizabeth Bizare*, I have mentioned as a Person not enriched by the Gifts of Fortune; she was however purchased by them: The large Estate of Sir *Anthony Bizare*, was a Bribe large enough in the Eyes of the Countess *Magnesia*, to over-balance her Daughter's Happiness.

Sir *Anthony* made Proposals for his Son: During the Course of the Treaty, Lady *Magnesia* and he quarrelled: He protested he would rather have any Woman than a Daughter of her's; and she, in Return, said, that though she did not care a Fig for the Son, he should have her Daughter, to spite the old Dad: The young Man was

L

in

in Love, he married, and was disinherited. He, tired of Lady *Betty*, used her ill, and broke his own Heart. Lady *Betty's* proved more durable; she survived, but had little Inclination to be married by her Mother a second Time, though Lady *Magnesia* offered her this, by Way of making her Amends.

In short, several People of considerable Fortune, who set a Value upon themselves, as being of Consequence, and chose to act with Propriety in important Matters, made Addresses to Lady *Betty*, in the Taste of doing a prudent Thing; for Lady *Betty* had a superior Character, and really was a Woman of a great deal of Merit. I have often, for my own Part, wondered how the Family came by her, though I must confess she had Peculiarities too; but they were more her own, more characteristic, than those of her Brother, Lord *Alba*: His were rather Blemishes in Character than what served to make him distinguished.

My Acquaintance with this Family has often made me think, that the Varieties in the Mind of Man, like the Dispositions in Horses, may be in some Degree traced from their Pedigree. An Horse of Blood, or a Parent of Genius, will give a Tincture, however differenced by other Circumstances. Lady *Magnesia* certainly had Genius;

nious; she had Variety of Genius; this made an odd Jumble in her, and spoilt her; but it had the Effect to tincture all her Children, who had something original in them, at the same Time that they were all unlike each other. But to return to Lady *Betty*.

Prudence, though a Quality she admired, was not brilliant enough to captivate her Fancy; she therefore rejected all her Lovers; and Lady *Magnesia* gave it as her Opinion, that *Betty* was a strange Girl, and would never settle again. Of this her Ladyship disapproved. She had a Partiality for her own Sex, and thought that Marriage was the only Way in which they could make themselves Amends for the Injustice the established Mode of Things did them; the only Method by which they could enter into the Direction of the Wills and Fortunes of the other Sex. Lady *Magnesia*, however, had too many Things to think of, to bestow much Time on any one Article in particular; she did not therefore teaze Lady *Betty*, but she did not respect her, as having no Expectations to derive from her retired Way of Life.

When Lady *Betty* perceived this, she was discouraged; she loved to be taken Notice of; her Mother's Indifference was

harder to be born, than ever her Husband's Wrangling had been; to quarrel is not agreeable; but 'tis still doing something; and besides, when an Husband quarrels with his Wife, she supposes 'tis something in him, or something in Matrimony, that cannot well be avoided. A Parent's Neglect seems more strange; 'tis besides a Proof we have not Interest with the Person who treats us so.

I perceived Lady *Betty* fretted when I came to *London*. My Regard for her made me enquire into the Cause of it. I passed many Hours with her, and this pleased her. The Melancholy love to moralize, as well as the Chagrin'd; my Humour hit her's for the present, and in her Conversation I found great Ease, when sick of the Frolics I met with in the good Company to which I was introduced as a young Author.—'Tis known that I write, but many People know not what, as may be imagined from the Subject of those Papers.

In this Situation, joined to the Regard I always had for Lady *Betty*, I am by no Means indifferent to what is of Consequence to her. And as this is the Case, my Readers will believe it was with some Concern of Mind, I, on my Return from
Lord

Lord *Alba's*, received from her a sealed Card, which contained those Words.

“ Lady *Betty Bizarre's* Compliments to
 “ her kind Friend, and desires a Visit: As
 “ she might, when he came, have some
 “ Awkwardness in telling him she is mar-
 “ ried, she chuses to mention that Circum-
 “ stance here; she supposes he will guess
 “ it is to Mr *Manly*, and is sure he will ap-
 “ prove of her Taste.”

Approve of her Taste, most certainly I must. No Man has more of my Esteem than Mr *Manly*, and yet I should not have guessed him; as unluckily with Merit on his Side, as well as on her's, there is no Money on either Side. Lady *Betty* having no Jointure, bought an Annuity with some Part of her Fortune, which remained at her Husband's Death. And Mr *Manly* has his Estate very much embarrassed. I went to Lady *Betty* as soon as I had shaved and put on my new Wig: She received me with a Smile: My Message surprized you, said she. Madam, replied I,

Say, what is Taste, but those internal Powers,
 Active and strong, and feelingly alive,
 To teach fine Impulse a discerning Sense
 Of decent and sublime, with quick Disgust,
 From things deform'd or disarrang'd, or gross in Species?

I know

I know not, said Lady *Betty*, smiling, whether your Encomium upon Taste, is any certain Sign you are pleased; for I have seen you often have Recourse to *Aken-side*, to bring you out of a bad Humour: Come, what have you got to say?

Nothing, Madam, you have spoke to me of a Thing done. I perceived by her Countenance, she wished me to give her an Opportunity of talking about her Marriage; so I proceeded thus: Were I to express my Sentiments upon this Matter, I should own to you, that what surprizes me most, is the Complaisance of Mr *Manly*: That your Ladyship is generous, I know; and that you can put up with a Chair, when you have a Mind to go Abroad; but I scarcely would have thought of his carrying you to his House, but in his Coach. And that he won't, answered she; he does not carry me there.

We have enough to live on as single People, though not enough to live together: This soon occurred to me, when I read your Story of *Elmira*. Mr *Manly* seems a Man one would do as much for as *Lysander*. A Man of Merit has twenty Ways to make his Fortune. An indigent Woman of Quality, like me, has none. The World will, I suppose, mend with us, and
then

then he may carry me Home in his own Way ; mean While I must beg of you to tell my Mother I have done this, with a View of making my Fortune.

I will tell her, said I, upon the Authority of my Predecessor, the *Tatler*, that the ready Path to good Fortune, is to believe there is no such Thing. Mr *Manly* is a Man of Consequence, and he will not exert himself the less for your being in Question. Your Ladyship has, I think, done very wisely. Lady *Betty* was much pleased : I ought, said she, to have told my Father, but when there may be different Opinions, 'tis as well to say nothing. You must be so kind as to take Care that he may know it, though it is necessary to tell my Lady first.

I promised I would not fail in any of these Articles, and so I took my Leave of Lady *Betty*.

E S S A Y XII.

Be ye all Things to all Men.

ST. PAUL.

I Now perform my Promise in my last Paper, and return to the Subject of Lady *Betty*: Though I said to her Ladyship, that she had done very well, I must not be supposed to approve of Marriage, without Money; for the Truth is, I do disapprove of such Marriages very much; I might shut up Shop as a Monitor, did I propose any Thing else. But some Indulgence is to be given to a Lady, when she questions you; and I hope the Reader will pardon what I said to Lady *Betty*, on Account of my Partiality for her, and also that the Thing was done; for that we ought to make the best of what has happen'd, is an Axiom in Prudence, as well as to prevent what would be amiss.

In Pursuance of my Promise, I went to Lady *Magnesia*; I found her in mighty good Humour, writing a Copy of Verses fair over; of which she said *Apollo* had made her a Present: I read the Verses; I know too much of her Taste, to mistake where I was chiefly to commend. In short, to continue the Metaphor, if she
was

was the Favourite of *Apollo*, I deserved to be his Secretary. Having fully discussed all Points, and allowed her to praise me without Interruption; because I knew she would thereby talk herself more and more into good Humour with me, I at last, upon the Opportunity of a Pause, took Occasion to open a Book that lay by her, and which I knew to be *Spencer's Fairy Queen*, by the Binding; upon opening it, I found it was not the Volume I wanted; as this was the Case, I could not read out of it: But, in order to introduce my Subject, I talked of the Author himself. Lady *Magnesia* praised him extremely, but rather for his Faults than his Excellencies. I must do her Ladyship the Justice to own she is not apt to be sway'd by the Judgment of any Critic; she rather chuses to shew her own in these Particulars, than to be supposed to be led by that of any other.

From a general Talk of *Spencer*, and an Enumeration of what I took to be his Beauties, I repeated, by Memory, those Lines from his Story of the Shield of Love.

Happy the Man who knows to chuse his Bliss,
Whose ever be the Shield, let *Amorat* be his.

The Whole of the Story was very applicable to my Purpose; and I failed not

M

to

to enlarge in particular upon the Fate of Merit ; and when I had made its Elogium sufficiently, I digressed into the Story of Lady *Betty*, which I told in such a Manner, as gained her Mother ; who declaimed against all Parents who should be of another Opinion. I had concealed Lady *Betty's* Name, and only represented her as a Woman of a superior Way of thinking, uncommon Genius, and one who was not to be led by popular Prejudice and Bias. This I knew would gain Lady *Magnesia* ; and when it had done so, I told her who the Person in Question was.

Lady *Magnesia* was so much wrapt up in the Verses she had been making, that I knew I risked nothing from an Emotion of Surprise, Anger, or what might have taken Place in an unemployed Moment, as Affection, or Pique ; or in short of any Feeling that might be expected in a Mother upon such an Occasion as the present.

Apollo swayed Lady *Magnesia* as absolutely as a *Turkish* Emperor does his *Bashaws*. Her Feelings submitted as entirely to his Influence, as do the Necks of those under Rulers to the Bow-string : They themselves make a Tender of them at the *Ottoman* Court ; and so had Lady *Magnesia* given her whole Affections to the Court of *Parnassus*.

When

When I named Lady *Betty* to her, she forced a Laugh, such as she had been accustomed to, as a Mode of Conversation. Well, I vow, said she, King *David* could not be more surprized when the Prophet told him, "thou art the Man," than I am to find, that in talking of the Mother of the Lady in Question, that I am myself this Mother. Well, it's past, I cannot retract, I am taken in, you have stormed the Castle of good Desert; were I Constable I must give you up the Keys: Tell Lady *Betty* to dine with me To-morrow: I shall write a Card to ask Mr *Manly*. Thus the Muses did more for us, in concealing from Lady *Magnesia* the Offence of her Daughter, in not consulting her, than Morality and Religion, both put together, had probably effected in her Ladyship without their Succour. As there was a Probability from her present Hurry, that Lord *Magnesia* might hear the Story from the Town, before she had Time to tell it him, I acquainted Mrs *Delacour*, her Woman, with the Matter, and begged her to lose no Time in acquainting Lord *Magnesia* with what had happened. I knew I had put the Matter into good Hands, and so returned to Lady *Betty*.

I found Mr *Manly* with her, who took a very affectionate Share in the Joy she

had in what I told her: His is, as far as I have observed it, a Behaviour of exquisite Propriety: If he has any Faults, I must own they are secret ones.

I perceived him smile when I mentioned my employing Mrs. *Delacour* to tell Lord *Magnesia*. If he had any bad Thoughts, he was surely to blame, for nothing could be more innocent than the Intercourse between Lord *Magnesia* and Mrs *Delacour*. Lady *Magnesia*, as has been seen, was often too much employed to think of vulgar Duties; and her Lord, as has been said, was of a Spirit very active.

This Spirit of his urged him often into the Consideration of Household Affairs; and not having the Advantage of getting them explained to him by his Lady, he was forced to talk them over with her Woman, whom he did not at all Times find willing to enter into Particulars.

This provoked him. He was naturally irascible, and also he thought a Man of Quality should make himself of Consequence: He was therefore apt to talk loud, but he could, upon other Occasions, be gentle.

Those Humours came, as the Ebb and Flow of the Tide, generally one succeeded the other. Lord *Magnesia* chid, Mrs. *Delacour* expostulated: Lord *Magnesia* retract-

tracted, and would, in his good Humour, ask for a new Receipt in Cookery or Cosmetics; Mrs *Delacour* would give him one, which he would sometimes own he had never seen; and no Wonder, she had perhaps but just invented it: At other Times, when in a Humour less complaisant, he would say, he had seen it before: And this she would acknowledge for Quietness Sake. This is the State of the Case; but if Mr *Manley* smiled from any other Cause, I can't much blame him; if he thought the Earl's Humour singular, I must agree, and all I can say to Men of Quality, in Apology for this is, that I am the Describer, not the Inventor, of Characters.

E S S A Y XIII.

*To make Men to themselves give Answers,
For which they pay the Necromancers.*

HUDIBRAS.

THE above Talent is required from us Essayists; and for a Cast of my Office, it may not be unacceptable to my Readers, to tell them how Lord *Magnesia*, and the Rest of the Family, received the News of Lady *Betty's* Marriage. I shall do Justice to those Particulars in their Order, and begin with his Lordship's Dialogue with Mrs. *Delacour*: It happen'd that very Morning he had quarrell'd with her; and being interrupted by Company, before they had made it up, they were at present upon very bad Terms.

Mrs. *Delacour*, who loved Lady *Betty* with all her Heart, instantly, upon my Intelligence, desired a private Audience of the Earl: He was pleas'd with this Overture, and hoped it proceeded from her Intention of submitting to his Authority. He received her then, with all the Majesty he could muster in his Countenance; and she always had a very settled Gravity in hers. He asked, what she wanted with him?

him? She answered, she was come to tell his Lordship, that she could no longer support the injurious Treatment he gave her; that to be rated and called Names, she could not endure; and was resolved to live in the Family no longer. She spoke so vehemently, that he, moved with her Eloquence, or his own present Humour, very solemnly assured her, he never would again maltreat her, and desir'd her to stay. Mrs. *Delacour* consented, and from this ensued most amicable Conversation. He apologized for his little Humours, by his often having serious Things to vex him: And Mrs. *Delacour* owned, that a Person who had so much Relish for domestic Matters, when they had not a Lady to assist, or to find Fault with, when any Thing went wrong; or when a bad Day, or other external Cause excited to Anger, that to be sure my Lady's House-keeper came most in the Way to be chid. His Lordship agreed; and from this, a moral Disquisition into Things, and their Causes ensued; and very philosophically and politely this was handled: And in the Train of the Discourse, Mrs. *Delacour* intimated the Account of Lady *Betty's* Marriage; which his Lordship did not receive with as great Unconcern as his Lady had done. Lady *Betty* was his Favourite; he was in Pain
for

for her settling without sufficient Provision for the Conveniences of Life, (as he understood these Matters admirably well): And he was hurt in not being consulted on so important a Step by his Daughter, with Regard to his own Dignity.

Mrs. *Delacour* observed that Lady *Betty* might, in some Degree, consider herself as her own Mistress, she being a Widow, and might in another Light think, consulting his Lordship, as less necessary, as he had devolved his Authority upon her Mother at her first Marriage, who then carried all before her, notwithstanding his Lordship's Dislike to it: She owned that Lady *Betty* had refused more lucrative Marriages, but then she argued she had no Relish for high Living; and would, she believed, supposing her rich, not greatly avail herself of the Advantage of being so: She argued further, that Lady *Betty* highly prized domestic Happiness, was fond of an agreeable Companion, and that it was her Opinion, being married, would rather save her Money, as with an Husband, to manage Matters for her, she would be less at the Mercy of those she dealt with; that Lady *Betty*, though not expensive, was rather indolent; and when Oeconomy is in Question, she observed that Men can go through with it more effectually than Women

men can, as Witnesses Foreigners, who make more Shew, but live at less Expence than we do, and yet Men have the Management of every Thing.

So Mrs *Delacour* argued, and it was well timed to do so, though of the Justness of what she said, I cannot be quite so clear: I am rather, on the contrary, induced to believe the Ladies are better Oeconomists than the Men; but however that be, Mrs *Delacour* continued to observe, that Lady *Betty* must have a Dinner. Mr *Manley* must have one too. When they dined together, one was saved; that neither could eat alone; both loved Society, and whether you pay your Chairmen to carry you to Dinner, or think it proper to entertain a Friend, it costs you more than if you have Company and Society, without going Abroad for them, as may now be the Case with Lady *Betty*. Thus reasoned Mrs *Delacour*, and Lord *Magnesia* acknowledged it; but to maintain his own Dignity, he determined to dine Abroad: Perhaps a little Difference he then had with Lady *Magnesia* confirmed his Resolution, which was, it must be owned, well timed, and what likewise made for our Interest, as the Well-wishers of Lady *Betty*, who could not but imagine Lady *Magnesia* would do the Honours still more obligingly, in Resent-

N

ment

ment of the Affront her Lord's Absence would, in her Imagination, put upon her.

This did in Reality happen; I was Witness to it, having had the Honour to be invited to the Dinner in Question with Lady *Betty* and Mr *Manley*. Lady *Betty* had Sensibility. The Want of her Father made her serious. Mr *Manley* did not care much for any of the Family; he came there to take all in good Part he met with, and so gave entirely into Lady *Magnesia's* good Humour, which exceeded, as it was partly shewn in Resentment. She joked, rallied, and complimented her Daughter and Son-in-law, as if they had been Strangers to her. The Air Mr *William* gave himself in talking of the Marriage, was to wonder how so fine a Fellow could throw himself away upon a Woman without a Fortune. He went to wait upon his Sister, to congratulate her, as soon as he knew of her Marriage, and visited Mr *Manley* also upon the Occasion.

Lady *Annabella*, I could perceive, counterfeited good Humour, by her Endeavour to oblige and seem happy. I perceived her however envy her Sister, and dread she will cast about for some Way to out-do her. The Singularity of the Taste in which Lady *Betty* has married, has struck her, and her Mother, not too discreetly,

creeetly, I think, rallied a good deal upon the Novelty of Lady *Betty's* Fancy. Envy, in this Age, is not that masterly Kind of Subject, which the Poets and Painters are so fond of treating: It may rather be defined a Sort of Splenetic Humour, a Frowardness, a Childishness, a Temper, which spends itself upon the nearest Object. A Companion stands naturally in its Way, and a Relation still more so. Envy, now-a-days, belongs rather to the Essayist than Moralist; 'tis more an Indecorum than a Vice, more shewy than deep, and, like the Anger of Lord *Magnesia*, is no more fit to be classed with the Comparison made by Satan, in *Milton*, upon that Subject, than is Lord *Magnesia's* Wrath to be quoted with the Wrath of *Achilles*. Things are otherwise modified in our modern Times; and it is very lucky for an Animadverter like me, that I perceive this; as for Example, I don't, because Lady *Annabella* is violent, think of warding off the Dagger and Poison from Lady *Betty*. I only endeavour to find out what extraordinary Thing Lady *Annabella* herself can do, in order to guard against that Folly.

What Turn she will take I know not, but I can perceive she is piqued that her Sister, who never affected to lead in Taste,
his

has done so spirited and new a Thing, as to marry a Lover, and yet live separate, from a Motive of Elegance: This is, in Effect, to have a Husband and Ciciſbe in the ſame Perſon.

The Incident does ſo ſtrongly affect Lady *Annabella's* Fancy, that I ſhould ſuſpect her of marrying a Player (as ſhe is at preſent very fond of the Theatre) in order to have her Husband, every Hour and Moment, what ſhe would have him to be, were it not that Whim is become ſo common, I hope ſhe won't think it worthy of adopting. I ſhall watch her however, and ſhall not be very eaſy, till I ſee her diſcover her Mind in ſome Shape; for ſure I am, it is now upon the Rack for an Expedient.

ESSAY

E S S A Y XIV.

*Happy the Man who to the Shades retires,
Whom Nature charms, and whom the Muse inspires;
Whom humbler Joys of home-felt Quiet please,
Successive Study, Exercise, and Ease.*

POPE.

I Mentioned my being anxious about Lady Annabella: A Temper so violent as her's does not leave one long in Suspence. I am happy to find the Disease now points a particular Way. She has, to dissipate her Chagrine, thrown herself into a good Humour. I have an Epistle from her, in her Character of a Wit, with which I shall present my Readers.

“ S I R,

“ I am sometimes, you know, favoured
“ by the Scramblers upon *Parnassus*. I was
“ the other Day shown a Thing by one of
“ them, which, I think, may turn out well
“ enough, if proper Care be taken.

“ 'Tis a Translation of the Pastorals of
“ *Sannezarius*. I doat upon Translations,
“ 'tis the modish Taste.

“ You don't read *Italian*. The Work, I
“ must tell you, is very pretty. There is
“ what the Author calls Profes, and there
“ are

“are Verses. 'Tis in the Manner of *Diana*,
 “of *Hil Polo*; but you don't understand
 “*Spanish* neither. These Works, you must
 “know, were finished a long Time ago:
 “I don't recollect in what Century, or
 “whether they were both wrote in one
 “Century. I read so promiscuously, I can't
 “go on with Method; but, in short, Verse
 “and Prose, alternately, was a Fashion in
 “early Times, and a very pretty one it
 “was.

“Now what I have to tell you is, that the
 “Poet I have mentioned, is puzzled about
 “his Prose. I have advised him to do
 “them out in *Ossian's* Style: *Ossian* is so
 “natural, so modish, so much every Thing,
 “that the Prose done in this Way must
 “be charming.

“Pray what do you think on't?

“*ANNABELLA COMMEA.*”

I shall immediately acquaint Lady *Annabella*, by a Letter, that I think mighty well on't, being very happy in perceiving her Ladyship's Thoughts have taken this Turn. Besides, I am pre-possessed in Favour of the Poet, having never till now known any one who addressed himself to Lady *Annabella* for Advice, whenever he was puzzled with any Thing. For, in short, I do understand enough of both
Italian

Italian and *Spanish*, to have read *Sannizarius* and *Gil Polo*, as the *Spanish* Author spells his Name, though Lady *Annabella* has, from *Gentilbozze*, given us his Name as it sounds in *English*.

I do remember that I have denied that I knew either the one or the other Language, upon Lady *Annabella's* chusing I should teach her them. She seems to have Words enough, and as for Thoughts, I am yet in Doubt, whether she can methodize them in a foreign Language. In short, I chose to wash my Hands from contributing to make a Lady suppose herself learned, who had, I thought, a natural Tendency to shine by her Wit.

I am glad, however, since she understands these Languages, that she has read, as she has done. The Author of *Don Quixote* has given us a fine Character of *Diana*, of *Hil Polo*; and most certainly it is impossible to read *Sannizarius*, without much Delight. I admire every Part of his *Arcadia*: I have englished different Pieces of it, scarce worth presenting for the Language: But with all the Disadvantages it has from the Dress I have given it, the following Passage may be sufficient to shew the native Sweetness and Simplicity of the Mind of *Sannizarius*, to those who do

do not read *Italian*. The Passage I quote, is where he finishes the *Arcadia*.

Sannizarius to his Reed.

Here end thy Labours, Reed : The Fates decree
To me, thy Friend, an everlasting Silence ;
Stern Death, in taking from me my lov'd Mistress,
Has bereaved my Soul of Music.

If for this Cause Woods wail with hollow Sound,
Echo thou back the Plaint : But if some Swain,
Jolly and quaint, woo thee for well-pleas'd Notes,
My Reed refuse :—Tell him thou know'st but Grief ;
Say Walling suits thee !—He, in Decency,
To his full Joy, will hang thee up again
Upon this Willow Tree, where now I leave thee.
Know 'tis thy Glory, Reed, that thou hast sung ;
The fairest Maid that ever grac'd our Days
Sooth thee with that ; nor be dismay'd, my Reed,
If Men do flout thee, for thy Simplicities ;
It is thy proper Praise ; then vaunt thee in it.
But if Men say (for Men have differing Minds)
That I gave too much Fassion to thy Strains,
Tell them, I came no Shepherd to these Woods ;
I came a learned Youth, altho' disguis'd.
Thou too may'st tell them, such have spoke to Echoes,
Who after hail'd great Consuls for their Feats.—
Yet argue not, my Reed, sweet Peace is thine,
Only when chance you meet an honest Eye,
Who pays a native Tear to my Distress :
For such implore the Gods.—Know they no Grief
In their own Woes ? They know to weep for others !
Let ne'er Ambition vex thee ; still be pleas'd ;
Nor seek the Courts of Princes, gentle Reed.

Know

Know that who sees at Distance sees Things fairest;
And without Envy at thy Neighbour's Greatness,
With quiet Mind possess thy modest Fortune,
And have of Lots the safest and the best.

The Proem, or Prologue to this Work, is equally beautiful with its Conclusion. The first Prose, or the Description of Mount *Parthenio*, the Place where the *Arcadian* Shepherds are supposed to meet, is also charming; and indeed every Part of this Work is so.

As a Picture of the Manners, I admire it greatly: That Circumstance to me, gives a Value even to a Sheet of *Indian* Paper, when it presents to us any Prospect. Il Costume, as the Painters phrase it, or the Expression of the Manners, is sufficient to give a Value to any Materials, how insignificant soever. The Materials of *Sanizarius*, are besides highly valuable in different Respects: They may be called Eclogues, or select Poems; and he treats, in many of them, Themes of much Importance to Man, as Man. There are some of them however, one would call Pastorals, as simply treating of Shepherds' Affairs; and in those we have a Specimen of the Improvisare, or extemporary Singing, which the *Italians*, even at this Day, practise in some of their Towns.

O

I am

I am sorry the Limits of my Paper make me leave a Subject, which I should greatly delight to enlarge upon. I have only Room to add, that I should be glad to see a Translation of the Arcadia of *Sannizarius*, well done. At the same Time, I must agree with Lady *Annabella's* Poet, in finding the best Manner of translating the *Protes*, which is somewhat puzzling to determine. I should however be glad to see the Work translated, though even not in the best Manner, so great an Admirer am I of this Poet. I do not recollect ever to have seen a Translation of the Arcadia, and were there one, though not the best, it might make Way for a better.

ESSAY XV.

There is that scattereth, and yet encreaseth.

PROVERBS.

WHEN I see Cause, I love to recant when I have been in an Error; or if a Person who has committed one, chuses to recant, or to amend (which is a practical Way of recanting, and by Experience, I believe, is oftener practised than the verbal one) then I chuse to recant too, in Conformity, and to do further Justice by my Testimony. Or to speak perhaps more truly, it gives me Pleasure to tell my Readers what most interests myself at the present; Nor let this seem selfish, negligent, or a bad Method; I have it from an Ancient, that the Way to interest, or to persuade, is to be yourself persuaded and interested.

But a Truce with the Preamble. The Business of this Day is to relate, that I am now a second Time at Lord *Alba's* Seat in the Country, and have found a total Change: Our Dinners are good, our Landlady hearty, and instead of holding forth upon the Expence of living, and how little she can afford it, the Topic now is, We

can afford to live, thank God; this is all our own; we may make Use of it.

There is an Elegance in Generosity. It gives with Chearfulness, and induces you to receive, without feeling the Obligation. This was not the Case altogether with Lady *Alba*; She let us hear at both Ears, when she was giving; for now she gave, and that even at Dinner, while we were hungry, and made us mind nothing else. Having satisfied my Stomach, my Delicacy however was not satisfied: I was shocked with Lady *Alba*. Her Reserve, though from Pride, had a Varnish: I perceived the Figure daubed over, yet did not perceive its original Coarseness: But when this Varnish was gone, I saw the Grossness of the Painting; and indeed I have often observed, that the Pride now-a-days in Practice, most frequently proceeds from Want of Genius. Time was, when Pride was a high-minded Thing. It was originally worthy of the Devil himself; but Pride can now no more pretend to this Consequence, than the Cabbage Stalk, which grows with us, can pretend to be the Cabbage Tree which grows in some Countries. An Amazonian Spirit will, I think, subdue any Man; but I doubt my Friend, Lord *Alba*, has something in his
Nature

Nature, that may be led by a Wife, who has not Power to drive him. This is one Weakness he derives from his Father, with the Misfortune to see clearly, while he acts folly. And though he has no Affection for Lady *Alba*, whose Dispositions do not suit his, yet a Woman who is married from reasonable Motives, may always secure Esteem; but such a Woman ought to take great Care. In a Marriage made for Love, there is at least something which has once been agreeable; and that these Marriages turn out ill so frequently, does, I think, rather oftener proceed from too high Expectations on both Sides, than from Want of Constancy in either. We have most of us some Partiality to ourselves: A Thing once in Favour, we are apt to suppose has therefore its Merit; and we must necessarily add to this, the real Worth which an Object proves itself possessed of, by interesting us. A Woman, therefore, who has never been engaging in the Way of Passion, ought, in Self-defence, to arm herself with every amiable Disposition, in order to captivate the Affections, in whose keeping the Heart, perhaps, as often is, as in that of the Passions. All this Lord *Alba* sees, though he acts, upon Occasions, weakly in Favour of the very Woman he does not love.

I hope

I hope the gentle Reader won't think me trifling, or that I have deviated into talking Aphorisms. I don't admire that Style, nor of Consequence aim at it. But the Profession I have made of considering Things Oeconomically, or with Regard to Conveniency, does naturally, upon some Occasions, make me dwell upon the Subject longer than I should otherwise chuse to do. Conscious as I am of the natural Impatience of the Polite, who are perhaps by this Time uneasy that they don't know how Lady *Alba* came to be changed, or who are perhaps tired of the Whole, and have thrown away the Paper, for my Impertinence; yet a Medicine must not be too strong to do good: And tho' I have a great deal more to say, in the Way of Comment upon Lady *Alba*, I shall proceed to relate how she came to change.

It happened merely by this accidental Means: Lady *Alba*, one Evening, out of good Nature, or from Pride of Heart, went below Stairs, to take a Peep at an Assembly, made by her Servants; and here she found high Life so copied, that it rather seemed out-done. Lady *Alba* highly insists upon Decorum. She had thought fit to live in a very expensive Manner; indeed more so than the Estate could bear, that

that the Difficulty of procuring Money might prove the Greatness of her Household's Consequence; and she in all personal Matters restricted herself, on Purpose to shew she did so, and that she could put up with a scanty Allowance, though she had never been used to it, as she constantly took Care to inform all present. The great Expence she lived at, the Necessity of this Expence, and her own Turn for Oeconomy, were Topics all very agreeable to her Pride, which particularly exulted in the tacit Assertion these Arguments made of her superior Consequence to her Neighbours, who all could live upon their Incomes, whilst she really could not do so, though she endeavoured more than they did.

All this Lady *Alba* indulged herself in, as she had a natural Malevolence of Temper, that shrunk from the Sight of Happiness, as weak Eyes do from the Light.

She used often indeed to observe with a Shrug, that her Servants were more happy than she: But this was rather Grimace, for when she saw them, as she thought, equally happy, she could not bear it.

To her Women she had indulged the most expensive Cloaths; she chose to see them better drest than herself; but she chose a Form in the Make of her Cloaths,
that

that her Women were not to aspire to. She chose they should all wear Night-gowns and round Caps; and when she saw them the Evening before-mentioned, with Negligees, Lapets, and tripple Ruffles, she grew speechless with Rage. She recovered her Tongue however; and it was to tell her chief Woman, "Mrs *Depute* (this happened to be her Name) you are now no longer a Deputy, you may go about your Business." She, upon this, took her Leave, and Plenty has reigned in the Family ever since. She ordered, that the second Table should not have fresh Dishes; so they eat what is left at the first; and we often now have something fresh dressed for Supper.

This is a very happy Change; the Misfortune is, it may not be permanent. Poor Lord *Alba* has wedded Caprice, in an unexceptionable Wife, as his was chosen to be. 'Tis unlucky, that from a prior Inclination (in which he was disappointed) he had laid out a Plan, of how much a Wife could conduce to his Happiness.

It moves me with Compassion, when I hear him sigh when Lady *Betty* is mentioned: His Sister's Marriage recalls his own sentimental Passion. Her Marriage also pleases Lady *Alba*: The Thought of Lady *Betty's* being without a Coach and Six,
exalts

exalts Lady *Alba* in her own Opinion. She judges by Comparison, and finds it an easier Matter to depreciate others from external Circumstances, than to emulate higher Merit in the Minds of her Acquaintances. In particular, she is pleased with any Thing that is wanting in the Family of her Husband, because it happens to be superior to her own. It pleases her Pride, not a little, to think Lady *Betty* is not rich, and that she has had more Taste for Merit than for great Wealth, in disposing of herself.

ESSAY XVI.

Here let us think, if thinking be not vain.

POPE.

A Taste for the fine Arts, as they are called, by Way of Excellence, is the kindest Distinction Heaven confers on Man. It secures in his own Life, Peace and Elegance; and if he is in a Station to influence by his Example, communicates to others his Way of thinking.

A Perception of this Taste in Lord *Alba* gave me infinite Pleasure : It assured me my Task in conducting him would be easy, and it proved to be so, some seemingly extraneous Circumstances not considered. Upon his Travels, he shewed a Soul capable of being struck with those Miracles of Art we saw at *Rome* and *Florence*; a just Discernment of the Societies at *Paris*, though we went Post Haste over *Europe*; and a something upon the Whole, which made me fancy he would some Time in his Life return, when Conveniency allowed of his taking a full View of what a single Glance had enamoured him so. Amidst this Approbation of mine, I had sometimes Cause to wonder, that a Box and Dice could, by their Rattle, take away his Attention from
the

the most elegant Object he saw. This odd Turn made me, therefore, not sorry when he attached himself to a very amiable young Lady, whom I shall call *Florinda*. The Shortness of our Stay made me unapprehensive of Danger from this Attachment; but when I perceived that the young Lady meant seriously, I candidly informed the Mother, that Lord *Alba* must have the Consent of those he belonged to, to make him a proper Match in Matrimony. She had other Views for her Daughter, which she would have put off, I believe, had Lord *Alba* been his own Master; but seeing he was not, she entered into my Reasoning, and Lord *Alba* was now received rather as a Shoe-horn, than as an Admirer. His Passion shewed itself, but the Parents took Care to engage him in Parties with themselves, whilst his Mistress was left to his Rival.

The fair *Florinda* suffered by this Constraint still more than Lord *Alba*: Her Affection for him was such, that often to avoid his Rival, she used to take me into their Conversations; and when she had Opportunity to entertain me a-part, her Discourse always was on sentimental Subjects.

I am a Reader (said she, one Day) and I find that your Country is free, not only in Principles of Government, but also from

those Fetters which here enslave the Mind. Our Hands are here disposed of by our Parents. Neither the Father, nor even the Husband, asks the Consent of the Heart. Your Country has other Maxims. You are a Poet, continued she, and I beg you will give me your Sentiments on the Passion of Love

I must here, to avoid the Imputation of Vanity, observe, that every one who writes Verses, is, in *France*, called a Poet: And here also I shall remark, that Writing, both in Prose and Verse, are Talents almost universal among the *French*, there being every where Societies, which train themselves up to these Perfections, and which, by Habit, enable Individuals of both Sexes, to express themselves upon all Subjects; and does, I imagine, not a little contribute to that Perspicuity of Judgment, and Variety of Ideas, which so amiably unite in a *French* Woman of Quality. But to return to *Florinda*: Seeing her so earnest, I, in Complaisance, took a Pencil, and wrote these Words:

Love is the noblest Passion of the Mind;
It lights the Patriot's and the Lover's Fire.
The sacred Love of Country and the Fair,
Attune the Breast, and animate the Soul
Of him, whom Heav'n-born Virtue and fair Form
So knows to prize, that he can lose himself

In their bright Vision. Heav'n's best Gift is Love.
 Love knows to cleanse the Soul from all its Dross;
 To raise th' Inhabitants of Earth to Heaven;
 The Martyr and the Patriot fit for Crowns,
 And in sweet Union ties coeval Minds.

Florinda, on reading my Verses, with a Sigh, reply'd, the Sympathy of Minds is indeed an amiable Tye. I had once a Friend of your Country, and she taught me your Language (that might be, but yet I had observed *Florinda* mightily improved in this particular since Lord *Alba's* Arrival.) This Friend was to leave me, continued *Florinda*, and when her Departure drew near, I wrote her some Verses, which, if I can recollect, I will here write down, as a Return for your Politeness to me. She pulled out her Pencil (I perceived Tears come into her Eyes) and she wrote with so much Trepidation, that it persuaded me her Verses were rather but just made, than recalled to her Memory. When she had done, she gave me the Paper, which contained the following Words:

Say, is it pre-ordain'd to be my Fate,
 And will the angry Pow'rs thus shew their Hate,
 By blasting ev'ry Joy which op'ning seem'd,
 Which to serene my Life so lately beam'd?
 To load my heavy Hours with anxious Care,
 Must I be grudg'd what other Mortals share?

Am I refus'd th' Indulgence which is given,
 To smoothe our rugged Path, by bounteous Heav'n ?
 Must I forego thy View, my darling Friend ?
 Life's Happiness on Friendship does depend.
 Why Absence ? Cruel Bar, dost thou divide
 Those Friends whom sacred Sympathy has ty'd ?
 Why take from me this social, best Relief,
 This Partner in my secret Joy and Grief ?
 With whom each new-born Thought might rest secure,
 And latent Sorrow meet a speedy Cure.
 Whilst gen'rous Warmth each rising Wish inspires,
 And melts each Heart with sympathetic Fires,
 A mutual Confidence secures our Love,
 And Truth and Harmony does Joy improve.
 Ah, Fortune ! why grow envious of my Bliss,
 Why raise my Hopes, more sadly to depress ?
 Why is my Life thus checker'd o'er with Woe ?
 Why did I dear *Belinda* ever know ?
 The Charms she has, the Joys her Eyes can give,
 And all the Blessings that in Friendship live.
 Why did my Heart, with hasty Beat, proclaim
 The Pleasure that it felt at her lov'd Name ?
 Since now, alas, no more the mutual Tear,
 No more my beating Heart declares she's here :
 Her tender Accents now are heard no more,
 And all my happy Moments now are o'er.

When I had read these Verses, I respectfully returned them to *Florinda*. She rather would have had me give them to Lord *Alba* : And, as I afterwards discovered, since I did not shew them to him, she herself contrived to do it. Lord *Alba* was

was greatly moved: In short, their Marriage Day was appointed. I discovered it by a Note he dropped. The Time was too near to carry him off. I had Recourse then to another Expedient. Some Sharpers had us in their Eye, Men of Fashion, fine Gentlemen, but yet Gamesters, and deserving the Title I have given them: I had often used to make his Attachment to *Florinda* parry these Gentlemen. I now contrived to play off their Influence against her's: They came upon the important Day, as they indeed did upon all others. We had our little harmless Party, according to Custom: They used to submit to this, in Hopes of getting further; and this Day I determined they should do so: Imperceptibly after Piquet, I let the young Folks play at Trente and Quarante. I had the Precaution to put back the Clock which stood in the Room. Often did Lord *Alba* look at it: He thought it slow; but that he might think was his Impatience. I had contrived the Evening before to break the Spring of his Watch, and I knew I might trust to the Watches of his Companions. Lord *Alba* said he had an Appointment, but the Time was not yet come. I stole off, and left him engaged pretty deeply. I immediately took a Coach, and told *Florinda's* Mother all that had passed. She too
had

had her Suspicions, from an unusual Flutter in the young Lady, who, when she appeared, seemed glad to see some one with whom she could talk of the Object of her Thoughts. She received not however much Pleasure from my Discourse. I told them how keen I had left my Pupil at Play, and rallied her for Want of Influence. She was piqued: At my Request she had forbid him to game, and believed he had left it off, as he really had in a great Measure.

Florinda had a favourable Opinion of me; she believed what I said: The Hour elapsed, and she returned from a Friend's House, where Lord *Alba* was to have met her. She was bit, and was struck with the Affront, as she supposed from my Words. She Neither would send for Lord *Alba*, nor wait for him. Her other Lover appeared as soon as she came Home: He, by an Hint from her Mother, seized the lucky Moment, pressed her Consent, obtained it, and they were married e'er Lord *Alba* went to her Friend's House, which he did before the appointed Hour was come by our Clock. When he found his Mistress and the Priest were gone, he cursed Play. He had other Reasons too: He was rooked; but that at this Moment he did not think of; nor did he think Affairs so

so desperate: He supposed his Mistress would make another Appointment: But what was his Despair, when he found *Florinda* was now another's? I hurried him into a Post-chaise, in his Absence of Mind, and brought him over to his Parents in the same State. To them I said no more of his Amour, than I said to him of my silencing his Watch.—A prudent Sort of Scheme this of mine, and which I would advise all Tutors to adopt; for no Pupil ever yet loved to be thwarted, nor Parents to be told their Child had any Fault. Tutor and Parent however may do as my Motto says, “think, if thinking be not vain,” and may prevent an Error when they can.

ESSAY XVII.

How prone to doubt, and cautious are the Wise.

POPE.

WHEN an old Man gets into a Vein of talking of past Times ; or when a Man retired from the World does so, there is no End of his talking. I find this in myself ; having fallen upon the Subject of my Travels with Lord *Alba*, I recollect all the Methods I took to form that Youth. The Task was indeed agreeable ; for he was, to be sure, a young Man of an admirably good Disposition, as well as superior Talents : He had a Taste for Literature, and to this I applied, in order thereby to regulate his tumultuous Passions.

With a certain Degree of Activity the Mind requires Food, or it is in Danger of preying upon itself. I am not deeply learned ; this happened by Accident ; but it perhaps induces me to think that Life does not admit of a great Depth of Learning, in those who are in active Life : Such Persons however acquire a greater Fund of Knowledge to regulate and ornament their own Conduct, than even sedentary Men. In this Light *Homer* used constantly to make a Third, when Lord *Alba* and I had
no

no other Company, and that not the *Greek Homer*, but Mr *Pope's*. The *Odyssey* likewise I oftener chose to read than the *Iliad*; and there we chiefly studied the Character of *Ulysses*. I am not unaware, that the learned World would despise my Method, did they hear of it; but I have not Vanity to suppose the learned World will take in my Paper; so that I am more in Fear of the Censure of the Gay and Polite, for my Choice of *Ulysses* as a Study. Sincerity, now so highly in Vogue among them, will be apt to turn their Minds against the King of *Ithaca*.

Sincerity is now a Virtue that neither Sex nor Age can resist it. I have myself seen a Lady so young, that some Years ago she had run the Risk of a Whipping, or, at least, a Box on the Ear, for being malapert, where her Mother thought her so; who shall now, without any Regard to Consequences, declare herself too sincere to be able to do this, or to let that alone, and that too with such Marks of Passion, that one can't possibly doubt her Sincerity. In like Manner, I have seen a Youth so very small, that it was but just possible to get him a Commission in the Army, who has uttered such Things as might, some Years ago, have set two Generals to measure Swords, and this too from the Mo-

tive of Sincerity. In short, there is no Part of modern Manners that strikes me more forcibly, than the Sincerity of this Age. I do indeed find the Subject so extensive, that I believe I shall dedicate, one Time or other, a whole Paper to it. Meanwhile I think it not amiss to premise, that Self-command was more necessary for Lord *Alba*, than it might have been for some others. He was apt to be forward, and to be duped. I will own with the Beau Monde, that Prudence, the Characteristic of *Ulysses*, is a Quality not conspicuous enough to paint; at the same Time it is very difficult to hit. The Extremes of Beauty and Ugliness may be done very like: Remarkable Features are easily drawn, whilst the more modest Uniformity of Features, pleasing by their Symmetry, are not easily delineated. *Homer's* Pencil however has represented to us such a Series of Actions of Moment, as form the Character of *Ulysses*; and his Perspectives upon this Subject, might form a Collection very useful, if hung up in the Breakfasting Room of some of my Acquaintances. I must not here be understood to mean those who have Wit; I only design to teach Wisdom to those who have not Wit, as a Kind of defensive Armour. The Wise are prone to be doubtful and cautious, as my Text intimates; and

and several People I know have too little Guard. Lord *Alba*, for Example, has it not sufficiently against the Impetuosity of his Passions. Others there are, who likewise fail from a Slowness to apprehend, as well as to admire what is perfect. It is the Business of such a Writer as I am, to excite them who are not yet so, to an Imitation. The Maxim of *Homer* is, that the Way to find Knowledge is to seek it; and Knowledge he supposes is not only the nursing Mother of Wisdom, but of Eloquence too; which last is in this our Day, of as great Consequence to a Man's Fortune, as the former is to his Conduct. *Homer* is so anxious to inculcate this Idea of his, that as early as in the first Book of his *Odyssey*, he introduces the Goddess of Wisdom herself, under the Form of the *Taphian* King (a Personage who naturally had some Respect from *Telemachus*) prompting that young Prince to travel. The first twelve Lines of *Pallas's* Speech I shall here insert, as they not only contain the Sentiments which gave Rise to mine, but also several other Hints of the ancient Manners may be gleaned from it. Hospitality, and the Custom of practising it, so much in Request in old Times, would improve Society in some Respects now; and the Hereditary Friendships then in Use, would

would at this Day serve those to whom Nature has not given a Patent to prey upon their Neighbours, as superior Geniuses may suppose they have from the Talents they possess.

On such Geniuses this Paper does not animadvert; they can stand alone: But to those who cannot, it seems charitable to shew where they may have a Support; and this is particularly the Duty of my Office, who have taken upon me to revise and correct Life. The Power of making ourselves agreeable, the Talent to persuade, and the Use that may be derived from the Friendship of others, are all of them very proper Studies for certain young People.

All this then, as well as the Assiduity of *Ulysses* to compass his End, together with the Usefulness of it, with Regard to his Situation (his Situation was Danger from Enemies, and a Necessity of quelling them) furnishes a Subject very useful to be thought of, by those who have Opportunity to study Life. Thus the Goddess of Wisdom, in her Description, does not omit the graceful Form of *Ulysses*.

A graceful Form is in itself a Letter of Recommendation; and it happens luckily, that even, if unendowed with this by Nature, Acquisition may in some Degree make Amends for it. The Charms of even our
first

first Parent, and of that Parent to whom Charms were most necessary, consisted in that Decency, those thousand Charms, so insisted upon by *Milton*: But I must not lose Sight of *Homer*.

The supposed *Taphian* King says, in his Description of *Ulysses*, to *Telemachus*, his Son,

In radiant Panoply his Limbs incas'd,
 (For so of old my Father's Court he grac'd)
 When social Mirth unbent his serious Soul,
 O'er the full Banquet and the sprightly Bowl:
 He then from *Epire*, the fair Domain
 Of *Illus*, sprung from *Jason's* Royal Train,
 Measur'd a Length of Seas (a tedious Length) in vain!
 From voyaging to learn the direful Art,
 To taint with deadly Drugs the barbed Dart,
 Observant of the Gods—and sternly just
Illus refus'd t' impart the baneful Trust.
 With friendlier Zeal my Father's Soul was fir'd,
 The Drugs he knew, and gave the Boon desir'd.

Friendship gives a fine Varnish, when the Character of a Friend is in Question: It helps a Man to overlook the lesser Failings: I would therefore do my best to inculcate the Study of those Talents which acquire it. *Homer* gives us several good Hints, in the Course of his Works, and to the Fair Sex, as well as the other. I may in a leisure Hour, perhaps, turn my Thoughts to them, for I love to do Justice,

would at this Day serve those to whom Nature has not given a Patent to prey upon their Neighbours, as superior Geniuses may suppose they have from the Talents they possess.

On such Geniuses this Paper does not animadvert; they can stand alone: But to those who cannot, it seems charitable to shew where they may have a Support; and this is particularly the Duty of my Office, who have taken upon me to revise and correct Life. The Power of making ourselves agreeable, the Talent to persuade, and the Use that may be derived from the Friendship of others, are all of them very proper Studies for certain young People.

All this then, as well as the Affiduity of *Ulysses* to compass his End, together with the Usefulness of it, with Regard to his Situation (his Situation was Danger from Enemies, and a Necessity of quelling them) furnishes a Subject very useful to be thought of, by those who have Opportunity to study Life. Thus the Goddess of Wisdom, in her Description, does not omit the graceful Form of *Ulysses*.

A graceful Form is in itself a Letter of Recommendation; and it happens luckily, that even, if unendowed with this by Nature, Acquisition may in some Degree make Amends for it. The Charms of even our
first

first Parent, and of that Parent to whom Charms were most necessary, consisted in that Decency, those thousand Charms, so insisted upon by *Milton*: But I must not lose Sight of *Homer*.

The supposed *Taphian* King says, in his Description of *Ulysses*, to *Telemachus*, his Son,

In radiant Panoply his Limbs incas'd,
 (For so of old my Father's Court he grac'd)
 When social Mirth unbent his serious Soul,
 O'er the full Banquet and the sprightly Bowl:
 He then from *Epire*, the fair Domain
 Of *Illus*, sprung from *Jason's* Royal Train,
 Measur'd a Length of Seas (a tedious Length) in vain!
 From voyaging to learn the direful Art,
 To taint with deadly Drugs the barbed Dart,
 Observant of the Gods—and sternly just
Illus refus'd t' impart the baneful Trust.
 With friendlier Zeal my Father's Soul was fir'd,
 The Drugs he knew, and gave the Boon desir'd.

Friendship gives a fine Varnish, when the Character of a Friend is in Question: It helps a Man to overlook the lesser Failings: I would therefore do my best to inculcate the Study of those Talents which acquire it. *Homer* gives us several good Hints, in the Course of his Works, and to the Fair Sex, as well as the other. I may in a leisure Hour, perhaps, turn my Thoughts to them, for I love to do Justice,

tice, and make my Female Readers equal with my Males ones at least ; nor need they fear any Thing formal. Prudence is a dull Sort of Quality I have owned, tho' it is of much Use to Men upon some Occasions ; but the Example of *Ulysses* to my Male Readers, binds me not to that of *Penelope* for the Ladies : Her Majesty makes few Appearances, and these not very brilliant : She, like a good old-fashioned Wife, acts but a second Part : But *Homer* is not restricted to her ; the spirited *Helen* has her Share of his Attention, a Lady who could fet the whole World by the Ears, and rule her Goodman at Home, as if nothing had happened, when she pleased to come back to him.—An Example this worth thinking of.

ESSAY XVIII.

To Err is Human. POPE.

I Know nothing that goes more against that cross-grained Animal called Man, than to be stopped short when he has a Mind to set about doing any Thing.

I was sitting snug in my Elbow Chair, by a warm comfortable Fire, and mustering up my Ideas, to say something clever upon some one of the Passions: I was debating with myself about which of them, and was inclined, I think, to throw together a few Reflections upon Admiration; a very favourite Passion of mine, and perhaps not the easiest to lecture upon.

When, lo! a Dun at my Gate, with an Hue and Cry for Politics.

Adieu to all my bright Ideas; they fled at the loud Rap, and when they will re-assemble I know not, but I hope it will happen some Time or other; for I have it much at Heart to treat upon all the Passions. 'Tis a Pity they are such nice Ladies: They will not appear but when they think fit themselves. Delicate as the Muses are, there needs no Art to be used when you invoke them: Any sorry Author, even such as myself, must perceive it, and ought to

acknowledge it. Those also of our Class must talk upon the Subject that occurs, in order to do it with any Appearance of Ease. I wish Politics had not called To-day, but since they have cut me out of my other Subject, I shall here acquaint my Reader, that when I commenced Essayist, I determined to stock myself well in this Commodity, for which there is so great a Demand, that one need not fear of being over-stocked.

In order to fit me for treating this Subject, I set about reading over very carefully, the different Histories of our own Country, to prepare me to hold forth upon Facts in a scientific Manner; Facts being the proper Basis to build Opinions upon.

I pursued this Study closely, and so closely, that I imagine I discovered every Historian writing the History of his own Opinions.

I was sorry for it, and yet I could not think it strange, when one considers that our Government is a Composition of Democracy, Aristocracy, and Kingly Government. This Mixture must necessarily lead every Man to differ in Opinion, as his Bias leads him to prefer one or other of those Forms; and not only to differ from all who may have inclined to prefer

prefer either of the other two, but also from him who looks upon Things with no other Intention than to see how they have kept to their original Institution, or to consider the Causes upon which that original Institution has been changed.

This Discovery, by the Bye, or Idea of my Part, seemed to give an Hint for something new, by observing what others had neglected. Some Sentiments of this Kind perhaps occurred to me, but I was so modest, as to seek for my Knowledge in Parliamentary History, or the History of Facts.

What I found there may be mentioned afterwards, but at present I don't chuse to enter into a Disquisition how the Balance stands: At this Juncture, that would be wrong in an Author, who writes for the Use of the Waters, where Statesmen retire to refresh themselves after their political Fatigues.

This Thought has saved my Credit at present with my Bookseller; without it I doubt he would have argued, that whoever displease their Readers, displease the Fraternity; which had been a heavy Threatening I must confess: For Love of Fame is the universal Passion, and perhaps there may be other Reasons which may engage an Author to his Bookseller: But, to in-

list only upon the genteel Side of the Affair, when I consider the Relationship of Author and Bookseller, I must think myself happy, that my Bookseller has let me off; however disagreeable it might have been, I doubt had he insisted on it, I must have obliged him; for without a Bookseller, what is an Author? Why truly no better than a dark Lanthorn! Without Publication, his Light is to himself; but the generous Aim of an Author is to enlighten the Public. An Author, I imagine as such, if Nature has rightly formed him, would prefer being a Glow-worm to a dark Lanthorn; he would prefer giving Light to others to having it himself, if he has the right Spirit of an Author.

There are People fonder of shining than I naturally am; and yet this Propensity of being an Author, influences my Pen: It hurts me to leave a Subject, even tho' I have not done it without saying something upon it: To do so would look like Want of Imagination, or Want of knowing the World, which, as I have declared my Esteem for it, I would not appear to be destitute of. A Speck upon the Eye of the Chevalier *Taylor*, would, I doubt, have curtailed the Royal List he is so vain of being distinguished by.

I must

I must by no Means lose a Reader for having nothing to say to him, I would rather chuse to descant upon some Peculiarities in my own Eye, or Manner of seeing Objects, than to leave the present Number unfinished: As for Example, though it is a common-place Thought, that Men's Interests bias their Opinions, I rather choose to think I could produce a Collection of Cases, where even great Princes have been biassed against their own natural Interests in those Matters, by some forfuitous Cause.

As for Example, Lord *Clarendon* complains of the Bias of *Charles* the Second, to put the Treasury and Admiralty in Commission, a Practice he met not with in *England*, and which does in Reality rather suit a Commonwealth than a regal State.

That Prince had imbibed this Disposition, doubtless, from Notions he had picked up in his wandering Youth: Thus it happened, though he was in his Will as arbitrary as any of his Predecessors. In like Manner King *William's* Education with the De Wits, gave him a similar Tendency, though his Interest did not concur with it, neither as a Stadtholder, nor as King of *Great Britain*.

In short, it is my Opinion, that it is neither Argument nor Interest that bias
Men's

Men's Notions so frequently, as certain Causes in themselves, perhaps incidental, and which often neither strike us nor others.

Men are reckoned odd, for doing what seems extraordinary for them to do ; Fifty to One if we knew the Cause, we should find they naturally act as they do.

'Tis my Opinion there are few Singularities which Nature does not produce, in the Animal or Vegetable World : Why then should she not be supposed as freely to dispense them in the Rational World ?

Could we in general Cases, as I have done in the Case of King *Charles* and King *William*, account why Men do Things extraordinary, we should have a Chance to be right. A Prince has his Historians ; they give the Clew to guide us through the Labyrinth : If People, in reading, attend to more than the Words of the Author, and with a Point of one's own in the Head, one may make out something from the plainest told History, as must be allowed to be in itself as insipid as the Geography to be met with in *Homer*, for which a certain Person once read him.

'Tis amusing to have a Point in View besides the general one ; it makes us attentive : I have a necessary Interest in supposing Nature a simple Thing, as it enlarges my Subject of Second Nature.

My

My Disquisitions, too into History or Politics, in the Manner I have mentioned, afford me the Means to chalk out the Outlines of my Picture: One may by such a Method trace out the how, and this may teach us the Method. To suppose it in lesser Men with more Certainty, I have owned my Inclination to this Argument, but that I hope won't let it be excepted against, as if I was too partial; for the Argument is in itself a good one; and besides, in supposing Nature a simple Thing, I have spoke for my Readers as well as myself, since the more ingenious they are, who strike out new Ideas, in a Matter so simple; and yet for all this, were I to make out *All in the Right*, it would not take as well upon the political Theatre, as *All in the Wrong* has done at *Drury-lane*: No Person of any Party would bear it; as Violence is the very Soul of Politics. Could I shew myself Master of Party Rage and Party Violence, I own it might hereafter avail; but it would for the present hurt the Waters, with those who take them. This Consideration makes me at present suppress my Oratory on Politics; for the Use of Oratory is to enflame Men's Minds, and the Use of a little friendly Chat is to recreate them. Besides, the most valuable Thing in Life, and in Science, is
cer-

certainly Happiness ; and Happiness, some Philosophers tell us, consists in Freedom from Unhappiness, otherwise termed Ease. By this Paper I mean not to ruffle the Spirits ; 'tis meant for an Anodyne ; it therefore talks of that View in which History should be read ; as in the Beginning I have thrown out a Hint, that from the different Principles in our Government, there may be Room for different Opinions : This is saying something, in an amicable Way, to People who differ, and who now happen to meet for Recreation : When they meet for Strife, 'tis then my Business to thunder like another Orator *Henley*, and throw forth Flames like any Master in *Hey Jack and begone*. The Cue of an Essayist is to suit the Times ; and he may with the greatest Propriety attempt it ; for *Solomon* tells us, there is a Season for every Thing.

ESSAY XIX.

Get into Vogue.

HAVING been put in Mind of an Article expected by one of my Readers, as mentioned in my last, it naturally occurs to me, to consider what I ought to expect from myself, as an Author; and I find, that the Duty to myself, as such, is to please the Public: In order to do which, I must consider what is likely to please the Public at present.

To do this is indispensibly the Business of one of my Profession, and even of every Person; for without pleasing by what he does, a Man runs a Risk of disliking all he sees, because he is disliked by all who see him.

Were it not that it gives a Man an Air to go learnedly and systematically to Work, I might have said, in plain Terms, that those who have not good Nature, and Complacency of Spirit will find themselves the worse for it through Life. The Evidence of this does perhaps amount to a Proof, as probably enough it may also do, if properly canvassed, that ill Luck is commonly the Produce of Indiscretion, or that if we had judged better, we had succeeded

better: But not to wear out a Subject by dwelling upon it, which is not in Taste, I shall leave those Observations, and rather examine what is the Genius of the present Age, or *le Siecle de Tous Cieux qui s'y font remarquer.*

This Character may be thus defined: shining Talents are the Characteristics of the Times.

We have modelled Life till it seems perfectly understood; Dexterity gains the Palm which Fortune holds up; and to be unlucky now, is to be in the Wrong.

Before Mankind had got into this View of Things, Merit, in every particular Way, had its Chance: If a Business was to be done, a Man was sought for who could do it: This has been thought necessary, and perhaps it once was so; but now the Manœuvre of those Things have made the Ground sufficiently firm to bear the Leap of certain enterprizing Geniuses, from their own to another Station; and when Strength gives Agility, or Occasion Impulse, they accordingly profit by it, and enlarge those Bounds which seemed to be set them.

This is as it should be: It puts it into the Power of those in Place, to give much, to raise Merit in an hot Bed; and of Consequence to serve themselves by those they

they chuse should serve them. The World is for the Winner ; the Proverb has long ago told it us ; and never has any Age exemplified this more than the present. The Motto of every Individual may be that of my Paper, Get into Vogue ; since if a Man can contrive to do so, he may make of himself what he will. Get into Vogue, and you will push, or be pushed ; the Times dance not an Eclipse, as with Mr *Bayes* ; but a luminous Dance : Get into it, and as in other Country Dances, if you don't stand still, you can never be out.

The before-mentioned Mr *Bayes* gives us also a Dance of dead Men, and in this Dance, an Hint, that Men in any Situation may be raised to make what Figure they will, if not before distinguished. That very Circumstance makes a Man the more remarkable when he becomes so : Besides that, the Ray of Favour has this peculiar Property, that while it glares round a Man's Head, it makes him more shining in the Eyes of the Beholders, than all the Arts and Sciences, and all the Talents put together, could do without it.

Get into Vogue then, and you *shine* ; you then become remarkable ; and by being so, you give a Proof you have a Turn for the World. This is the Magic Circle, and it gives me Pleasure to chalk it out.

Since then Talents, as well as as what they merit, may be given, we can't doubt of seeing Things very perfect.

There is a wonderful Analogy which subsists between Things: Change universally operates; and we may, upon the Whole, say, *bien assortie*, inasmuch that at present our Plate is not higher wrought than are our Wits. Men value themselves upon superior Refinement: Much Benefit must accrue from this to a polite Nation. One Advantage in particular occurs: Suppose a Tax levied upon every Man, in Proportion to his Genius, he himself giving in the Rate, and the Money raised, appropriated for the Payment of the national Debt, I doubt not but this might procure a considerable Sum, and which would also be cheerfully paid. Men grudge to pay for their Light from the Skies, but no Person would grudge to pay for the Light from his Understanding and Talents, as by this Means he would in some Degree buy his Claim, and ascertain his Property in it.

If this Tax takes Place, I must put in my Caveat against being ruined by it: We Authors, though we sometimes write for Money, are obliged to urge that Genius prompts us: I therefore humbly hope that we shall be privileged, as the News-papers
still

still are, though franking is restricted. I hazard however the Consequences ; and spurred on by the Love of my Country, I publish my Plan, without making precious Conditions ; hoping in the mean While I shall not lose by my Generosity. People in Trade must sometimes run Risks; and when the Matter is Words, an Author thinks he is Master here. He sets Words at an high Rate, and indeed it must be owned we have seen the Power of them a Counterpoize, even to Favour. The Man who has the Talent to contradict, has a Chance to succeed in this Country, equally with the Man who has the Talent to get into Favour.

There is, as I said before, an Analogy between Things that invariably shew themselves: With us, as amongst the Romans, Eloquence and Arms are in great Esteem: Our Armies have mowed down Nations, and waded through Seas of Blood, to arrive at Peace ; and our Senates have thundered mean While, like the ancient Forum.

Perfection is in every Thing at the highest ; let us, if possible, fix here. People have got up to Perfection some how or other, so that the Merit will be to stand still. Every Genius who comes under my Eye, makes himself out to me to be perfect ;
and

and yet it is to be remembered, that formerly one Acquisition depended upon another: 'Twas like mounting a Ladder, miss one Step, and the Action of the Arms must join to that of the Legs to reach the next. The Beau Monde however are happily up, owing in some, no Doubt, to Dexterity. Now what I fear for those is, that the Scaffolding may be weak. The nimble Wits of some of my Acquaintances, put me as much in Pain for them, as a Dancer does upon the Slack-rope.

My Pleasure in seeing these Performers, is always interrupted by my Fear for their falling; and in like Manner I am in Fear of the quick Descent of those I see stand very high in Science; insomuch, that I most earnestly recommend it to those who have acquired Science, by Dexterity in getting at it, more than by Progression, quietly to get into a safe Place, and let their Possessions be taken for granted, rather than displayed: It is, upon my Word, the only safe Method; for I cannot in Conscience remit the sprightly Creatures to their Studies. A Study is a laborious and tedious Thing; it fatigues the Eyes, and gives the Head-ach; and then so perverse a Thing it is, that however specious and pretty it may look, from the Elegance of its Possessor, it is unhappily subject, upon Trial,
to

to go for no more than it has of its own Materials. As Iron by the Loadstone, it may be tried by him who has its Criterion; and as one can't be sure who that may be, I would recommend the first Maxim given on Ship-board, *viz. Be safe*, to every Genius in Blossom, for their Fruit is not yet set.

This Age does surprizing Feats. 'Tis great Pity that in such Cases the Merit is not always acknowledged. A Lady may wear her Watch upon her Finger, so ingenious is Art now-a-days become: But I doubt a Man who has Business at Heart won't measure his Time by this Instrument. There is a certain Stubbornness in Things meant for Use that won't ply, and Things useful will still be wanted, though the Endowments of this Age are shining Talents and Embellishments, the Perception of which makes me, the devoted Servant of the Beau Monde, put all pretty Geniuses in Mind of the Sea Maxim, *Be safe*.

E S S A Y XX.

All the World acts the Player.

TOTUS Mundus agit Histrionem, is the Motto we find upon the Frontispiece of the Theatre, and without Doubt the Use of going there is to see Life in its Passions, or in its Manners.

The Usefulness of such a Display has been, we may discover, perceived as far back as *Homer*, the earliest Genius of whose Writings we are possessed; nay, we are even told, that in him the first Hint for Comedy, as well as Tragedy, may be found.

Tragedy is a serious Thing, and to us less needful, as *Shakespeare* has fully shewn us the capital Passions; and as all People have seen them explained by *Garrick's* Action. All People are not made to read, or to understand what they read, without something more than a Book to give them a Hint. For Example, I have heard a Soldier exclaim, *Shakespeare* knows all Nature, upon his reading this Line: "Nor the Divi-
"vision of a Battle knows more than a
"Spinster," without the Assistance which his Profession gave him, he might have passed over that Line; and yet after all

we

we must acknowledge it relates more to the Art of War than to Nature, as Men (those produced by *Deucalion* and *Phyrra* excepted) who start up armed, and set themselves in Battle Array.

We find however this Admiration very natural in the Field Officer, who may have been puzzled when a Battle was to be ordered, as much as any one can be with the setting of a Solitaire. *Shakespeare* is undoubtedly most admirable; every one may quote him, and yet I have perceived something wanting in ourselves, to make us enter into his Meaning. We must have a Hint from Education, from our Situation, from something to understand him thoroughly: *Garrick's* Action makes all sure: None can mistake, when *Garrick* acts what *Shakespeare* means: Pity that his Plays are not oftener acted!

A Speculation upon the Theatre comes very naturally, after a Speculation upon the Genius of the Age: There is a very great Affinity between these Subjects, inasmuch, that to speak of the Theatre, I must speak of the Taste of the Audience.

Englishmen love to act, or to see Action. This is Part of their Composition; they require a busy Scene to entertain them: Put a Play into the Hands of a young Nobleman, and he calls out, the Plot stands

T

still,

still, if he meets with any Paragraph of six Lines to stop his Speed; at the same Time the Design must be so clear, that his Perception must not be clogged with two Thoughts about it; and the Circumstances which vary it, must be at once so interesting as to attach him, so combined as to avoid Confusion; and so sudden as to keep him in the dark, till they open as Clouds before the Sun, and produce a bright Catastrophe.

'Tis of Comedy I here speak; as for modern Tragedy, it does its Duty to the full; it gets its Authors Places and Pensions; Stile and Manner constitute its chief Praise: Stile and Manner it must have, as agreed on all Sides, much more modish than those of the antiquated *Shakespeare*, whom indeed one cannot commend for more than his Knowledge of Nature, of the Arts and Sciences, and of Life.

All this I think one may perceive in him, though it has been said that he was not learned: He is to be sure too serious for an Amusement, but taken as a Study, with *Garrick* for his Expositor, he might save a Student his Course of Ethics, at College, or a pretty Genius his Study of an Encyclopedia. *Shakespeare* is but eight small Volumes; the other a Folio. A good deal of Time might be saved by this Difference;

ference; and with this View it was that I introduced *Shakespeare* at the Beginning of my Paper.

Having premised as above on Tragedy, I again return to Comedy, and further observe, that to please, in every Thing, the Delicacy and Discernment of this Age, may be an Impossibility, if it will not give up a little of the required Perfection, in Compassion to the limited Powers of Human Genius.

There are Limits or Bounds for every Thing, but as one does not know where they are placed here, the Measure would be exceptionable to require too little where so much ought to be insisted on. Men of Quality are therefore in the Right to insist on it as they do, and that till they obtain it, I approve, as a Thing highly in Taste, the Applause so universally paid to the Decoration of Opera, and its harmonious Sounds, even without the Knowledge of the Language, or much Skill in Music; for those Things are doubtless excellent in their Kind, as they cost us so much. For the same Reason also (*viz.* Excellence in its Kind) I acquiesce in the general Pleasure received from that Agility which Pantomime presents to the Eyes (the accompanying Idea going of Course to the Mind) and in a like Degree of the

Vivacity of Farce, which also thus feeds the Mind, through the Organs of Hearing.

But though Comedy is seldom such as to merit a three Hours' Dedication of Time to see it from Beginning to End, yet would I not discourage the Writing of Comedy. We give Premiums to the best done Landskips. The *Dublin* Society have advertised a Premium for those who shall invent any Thing new for Men or Women's Apparel. In like Manner I would give a Reward for the best Comedy, and a Reward for the Introduction of a new Character into it. One great Error in our Comic Writers is, they Copy those who went before them; whereas the Manners are perpetually changing: An annual Comedy, to mark this Progress, would be worth reading at least, if not worth acting, and a Collection of such Pieces would be curious, and in this View merit a Place in every Library.

ESSAY XXI.

*Nothing more unlike than the Things that
are alike.* ANONYMOUS.

HAVING premised something upon the Genius of the Age, and upon that Representer of our Manners, the Stage, I proceed in Course, to turn my Eyes upon some capital Articles, as they are at present understood.

I have chosen for my Motto what I take to be a modern Axiom, though I confess a Person who has not considered it may be apt to think I should rather call it a Paradox.

But without disputing about Words, my Meaning is to illustrate the above Truth: In order to do which, I shall in the first Place, produce an Instance in the Case of Money, that great, one may almost say, that sole Obtainer of all Things, to which the various Aims of Men used in former Days to be directed; and yet this Obtainer cannot be with Propriety, by every Means, obtained, though to an unskilful Observer, it may appear that it may be so obtained.

As even the Learned in this Affair must own its Rules are rather critical, and not
of

of obvious Clearness, I think it my Duty to instruct my Readers in this System, as I have gathered it from the nicest Observation; for this is the very Criterion of genteel or ungentleel; the very Basis of fashionable Life.

In former Times I have been told the Channel of receiving Gratuities, for obtaining of Favours, was by Means of a Muff: The Person applied to wore a large one; and in courteous Guise receiving him who solicited: *He* (the latter) slipped into the Muff what he had to say for himself, and was of Consequence well or ill received, according to the Importance of that. This seemed a simple Method, and well enough adapted to the Purpose; but Life is now refined, and People in Power, or who have Interest with those who are so, must not now be treated like Physicians, who receive their Gold with only the Intervention of a little Paper: More Delicacy is now required, in a Matter which it daily grows more and more our Business to understand; since without having the Method of successfully making Court, we may as well leave the World, and go into an Hermitage; for without Money nothing is to be done in the World.

From the great Splendor in which we often see those live who have nothing, and
from

from the great Emoluments, which those who have any Thing derive from what they possess, one must be of Opinion, that this Affair of giving and taking, is still understood, though at present carried on with more Decorum than in the Days of the Muff. General Methods there are established, which must strike every one's Eye: Some of these I shall touch upon, as having Relation to my Subject.

And first, a Person of Fashion won't take your Money for the Share you have of Fire and Candle; but Cards are brought, and you may, nay, you must, slip it under the Candlestick. This Practice was till the other Day, very universal, when Attempts were made to discourage and prevent it.

Proper Institutions are apt to degenerate. What was perhaps intended as an Establishment for Servants, may have become to be considered by them as only a Gratuity; and to check this their Encroachment, perhaps some new Method is in View.

Our sagacious Neighbours, the *French*, do not allow their Servants to take any Person's Money, because they choose to take it themselves; it being well known there, that all People above taking of Vails, expect twice as much as Vails would bring in,
in

in Gifts, and other established Presents. The only Drink-money allowed in *France* is to the Porter, because he shews the House to People who don't visit its Inhabitants.

We copy from *France*, and in general we don't advance in Hospitality, nor in Disregard for Money. A Shoot not analogous to the Plant it comes from, is apt to surprize one, and therefore I own I have never been able to comprehend the violent and universal Spirit which shot up, and with Vehemence diffused itself through all Ranks and Societies of Men, to prevent their Servants from having Vails. But leaving this Affair to explain itself, and sincerely wishing that a like Spirit of Sociality and Disinterestedness, may in higher Matters have equal Sway, I proceed to some other Points I have to take Notice of.

And first, a Man must not in this Country keep a Gaming Table, under that Name, if he is a Person of Fashion, though the Practice would be lucrative, and though Ways might be found to elude the Law in this Case, as in many others: But a Man of the first Fashion may game at any Table, and in any Company, provided the Play be sufficiently high. In like Manner his Lady may play as high as she will, may win as much as she can, from a Person
son

son of whatever Character, and she may of Consequence Risk loosing: That I own no Lady supposes she will do; but in Point of Winning, she may suppose without Scruple, as Things stand, that she shall gain more than another can afford to lose; she may take the Money, if this happens, very properly; she may set up Honours she has not, at Whist; or renounce, if she can do it unperceived, at Quadrille. These are all Ways in which Money may be tried for, and in which it may be very decently taken. But should a Person who had a Mind to oblige this Lady be so extravagant, as to drop a Basto to Spadille, when it could be avoided, tho' to give a Sansprendre Vole, this could not be sustained by the Winner: If the Intention was apparent that Way, Money could not with Propriety be taken, though it might be taken by accepting a Raffle, a Ring, or a Silver Ticket for the Opera, if accidentally given.

A Man may take a Share of the Salary of every Office he has to give, and may make the most of all that passes through his Hands, if he does this genteelly in Point of Manner; but it must be so genteelly done, that no one may have it in their Power to call it improper, or mean.

U

In

In such Cases I really pity the Ladies with a Taste for Expence, as much as their Husbands: They have, where these are concerned, but a borrowed Light, and so of Consequence can be but Half paid; and even that may be grudged them by their Husbands, least it should be deducted from their own Gains; and thus they are tied up from being so expensive, as the Liberality of their Natures would prompt them to be, by the little Modicum they are allowed as Pin-money. One can't find a Resource for them, except they themselves would pay the Bills, and, instead of their Domesticks, take the Poundage: But this would be really too great Drudgery for any Woman of Fashion. I, for my Part, can't propose it, though it certainly might raise considerable Sums. I rather would propose the sacrificing now and then, some of their Time to wheedling their Husbands out of a little Money, when they happen to be that Kind of Men with whom this is practicable: When they are not fond of them, or when they are fond of somebody else (which frequently happens) a poor Wife is in a very sad Condition: What can she do? for Ladies can't rob on the Highway. Now it is really a horrid Thing, when one Lady can't lay out as much as another at an Auction, or China Shop

Shop. In *Turkey*, where the Women are supposed to have no Souls, this Case might be supportable; but in *Great Britain*, where their Spirits are so unquestionable, such a Grievance is intolerable. But to return.

I have endeavoured to describe certain important Maxims, which have come within my Observation, as they are sanctified by Custom, and hence become Law; for who is weak enough to dispute the Law of Custom, except where Fashion interposes her more powerful Sway? Sure none; and as Fashion here confirms it, (without Hesitation I say it) those Things are and must be so, while they continue.

And thus I hope I have made out my Proof, That nothing is so unlike as the Things that are alike. Taking Money seems alike, and yet it must only be taken in certain Ways: Some Methods are horrid! It remains that I mention the Grace and Disgrace of having Wit, or being understood to have it, as that Matter at present stands; but this I find I must defer to another Paper.

E S S A Y XXII.

Nothing more unlike than the Things that are alike. ANONYMOUS.

WIT, though not of that Currency allowed in Traffic; that is, not such as to procure us all Things necessary in its Stead, is yet of a Brilliancy which has something very noble, and one would be apt to wonder, that in giving to any Thing the above-mentioned Prerogative, we did not rather hit upon this Coin, than that of Gold and Silver. Certainly we should have done so, had it not been for the Difficulty of fixing the Standard. In the Case of Wit, Disputes would have arisen, as to Quantity of Alloy, and even as to the Purity of the Metal, for Criticism is not yet upon an equal Footing with the Mint; nor can even I myself, the present Master of this rich Manufactory, say, that I would undertake the Coining of all the Bullion that might be brought me, was it to be made an Edict, that Wit, instead of Money, was to pass as current Coin.

But to return; for I must remember, that in this Paper my Business is to prove, that nothing is more unlike than the Things that are alike: This was my Design

sign also in my last, the Subject of which was Money: The Subject Matter of this is Wit; and my Task is to shew, where Wit may, and where it may not be brought in View.

It seems proper in premising this to refer to former Times, where we see a Sir *Fulk Greville*, a Duke of *Buckingham*, and others of illustrious Name, publishing Plays of their own composing; where we also see Sir *Philip Sidney* publishing a Romance, addressed to his Sister, and so made over to her, that to this Day it is rather called *Pembroke's Arcadia*, than *Sidney's*.

These Exertions in those Times, seem meant to shew what ought to be done; and to give Examples of this, the great Men applied themselves.

In modern Times, since Things have been at their Perfection, they have been very naturally put upon the Footing of *Routine*, and *Repositories* have been assigned for the Purpose. We see, in Point of other Merchandize, that a great Demand does, by an equal Introduction of any Commodity into the Market, lower the Price of that Commodity. Thus has it also happened with Wit; a very great Demand has made very great Plenty, and the moderate Price it bears, is a Proof of its thriving State.

State. At the same Time it proves to us the Pains that have been taken to bring it to this State, and the Success of such Pains; and now the Manufactory is so well understood, that it is left to the Management of common Artificers. Its great Masters, the Nobility, contenting themselves like great Merchants, to receive their Returns of Praise, the current Coin of the Commodity, leaving the Workmanship of the Whole to Mechanics; and in Consequence the Manufacturers of Wit are considered as Mechanics. The Work of Genius is become an Handicraft Trade, and a Person of Fashion would no more produce a Play or a Romance of his own Writing, than he would weave at a Loom. To weave at a Loom has indeed been more in Request lately; and analogous to this, a Person of the very first Fashion may write a Sonnet, if in Love, or a Ballad, if in Drink: He may write a Rebus, he may write a Riddle; and it is not many Years since it was highly fashionable to compose whole Bills of Fare, in most agreeably tortured Conundrums.

These Kinds of Wit are what our People of Fashion have kept to, and I submit if not often (as they manage them) any Thing can look more unlike Wit than they do.
Nor

Nor are these singular Examples : Let any one consider a Conversation which takes the Turn of Punning (as most witty Conversations now-a-days do) and he will confess, from the Gingle of Words and Thoughts that compose it, that if this has at first an Appearance of Wit, nothing is in Reality more unlike it.

By the Examples I have given in the Instance of *Money*, which rules the World, and of *Genius*, which ought to do so, I have endeavoured to prove my Thesis, that nothing is more unlike than the Things that are alike.

I have still some spare Paper left, and as a Periodical Writer must fill his Paper, I am necessitated to take in an Auxiliary Subject. I choose it to be that of Authors, as Authorship is not unanalogous to the Subject of Wit, though I confess it has often little to do with it.

And here I am to remark, that some Professions constitute a Gentleman, as the Profession, for Instance, of a Soldier, whilst that of the Author seems to lessen his Importance. In the first Case, if the Man of the Sword is neglected, you run the Risk of being made to eat his Sword: The Man of the Pen has no other Weapon but his Pen, and so is less dangerous. Besides that, the Pride we take of disregarding

ing him, affords in itself more Pleasure. It is taken for granted all Men have Courage; but it is not taken for granted that they all have Wit: And it is too often to be observed, that we are more apt to envy Talents we have not, than to admire them; and more apt to throw Contempt upon what does not belong to ourselves, than to give it its due Praise.

In a commercial Island, such as this is, we perceive that Merchants in Wholesale are more honourable than those in Retail; they are more useful; and we see, that whilst a Nobleman subsists by the Sale of his Corn, and by the Rents his Lands bring him in, all which his Steward manages, the same Nobleman would be odly looked upon did he keep the Market even by such Proxy, except in Times of Scarcity, in order to assist the Poor at moderate Rates.

In Consequence, it may be, of the same Train of Reasoning, we have seen Mr *Pope*, who, as well for the Number of his Works, as for their Excellence, may be reckoned a Wholesale, as well as a First Rate Dealer, and whose Bookseller may be reckoned his Steward: Him we have seen on a Level with the best People, and with an Air superior and independent, whilst a Minor Poet is in some Degree by his Function,

tion obliged to sneak, and cringe. Now though I would not place every Poet on a Level with Mr *Pope*, yet I would wish that the general Footing of these Gentlemen might be, for Example, as that of the Officers. A Commission intitles a Man to the Company, though an Ensign is not intitled to the Honours, of a General Officer.

In some Countries a good Carver is always sure of a Meal; as such he is invited where Entertainments are given; and suppose a Man of Fortune were to have a Man of Literature, as well as a Chaplain at his Table, the one to digest Subjects, as the other to say Grace, the Guests would not in general fare the worse, since it is not every Man that can give a Dinner, who can give a Seasoning to it, such as would be relished, were we now in the Taste for such Banquets as that which *Xenophon* describes.

We are removed at a great Distance from such a Taste: One Reason, amongst many others, is, the Algebraic Turn our People of Speculation take, for so I call the Study of Chances. The Study of Calculation tends to make rich; the Study of Books has no such Tendency: We see those who apply themselves to understand the Chances of any Kind of Gaming grow

X

rich:

We often see learned Men very poor !
 Riches, one would imagine, fascinate the
 Eyes, even in Instances where one cannot
 profit by them ; and the Desire of Riches,
 I take it, is the Root of this Evil, which
 tends to the perfecting divers Kinds of
 Games, whilst the Talents are uncultivated,
 and their Productions disregarded.

the Chances of any kind of Gaming grow
 Books has no such Tendency : We see
 colation tends to make rich ; the Study of
 the Study of Chance. The Study of Cal-
 People of Speculation take for so I call
 many others, as the Algebraic Turn out
 from such a Taste : One Reason, amongst
 We see however, at a great Distance

ESSAY

ESSAY XXIII.

To 'ολον.

THERE is nothing so simple! said a young Lady the other Day, to a Person who admired the Justness with which she had taken a View from Nature, and then she proceeded with that good humoured Volubility of Speech, which attends the Desire of communicating a Knowledge newly acquired by ourselves, to explain how she did it, in all the Terms of Perspective.

Cela est tout simple, cries the *Frenchman*, who, wrapped up in his own Enthusiasm, believes himself possessed of a Subject which his Vivacity lays hold on. Simple as this Subject may be however, he might be puzzled to define it, to a philosophical Reasoner, I will suppose, of our Country, who will not take Assertion for Proof. And thus do the *French* and *English* make bad Music, when jumbled together, and each in the Taste of his Nation. This Difference in national Temperament, (shall I call it) does very frequently produce Contempt in the *Englishman*, and Disgust in the *Monsieur*, and therein lies the bad Effect of their differing,

when the Cause is most likely of no Consequence: The Misfortune in both is the Want of these assimilating Qualities which make the Blessing of Mankind; teaching us, that by supporting a Neighbour's Burden, we make our own lighter; since we cannot form other People, it's extremely lucky to be able to take them as we find them, nay to be pleased with what we find: For though Approbation, which some may understand for Pleasure in this Case, belongs to Merit, yet we can draw Amusement from Ridicule; and Self-complacency (which must be allowed a Satisfaction) from the Defects of others; and we can draw Hints for Amendment from a faulty Conduct. In this we see some, who have made so admirable a Proficiency, that the most perfect Friendship does not shut their Eyes to the Failings of the dearest Companion; nor can their Tongue be influenced to be silent, even in this tender Case.

This I confess to be a happy Concurrence of Effects, as well as an eminent Degree of Virtue in the Efficient: I admit it as a plain Proof, that from a natural Evil a moral Good may be produced; and I must own, that Perfection in so difficult a Point, of which I acknowledge to have seen many Proofs, even in very young Ladies, does not fail to convince
me

me of the Merit of this System of Education, whose universal Accomplishment gives our Daughters so much the Superiority of their Grandmothers, who did not aim so high.

The Perfection now in View charms me so much, that I am in Pain, when I see any Thing that seems derogatory to it; as for Example, I freely own myself surprized to see that very young Lady, who had in the Morning so agreeably seized my Admiration, in the Evening appear in a Head-dress, quite unbecoming and tawdry: Her Gown was also quite void of Taste; she looked like the Doll of a Country Miller, and this appeared to me really inexcusable in a Person of her Accomplishments; indeed so much so, that I look upon it as my Duty to remark, that the Use of that Taste she has acquired, is to shew itself in Practice. *That* Taste must then be most adorned, when most adorning her. The Use of Acquisitions is to be so much belonging to those who acquire them, that they are really theirs; they ought to be interwoven with the Thoughts, Opinions, and Ideas, and thus blended, to form a *Whole* which regulates the Conduct, and asserts the Taste of the Person who has acquired them, the real internal Taste! since without this, what is
called

called Taste in particular detached Subjects, however elegant these Subjects are in themselves, is rather a Light to show our Blemishes by, than any Advantage.

I am certain, from the Genius of the present Mothers, that our young Ladies are in no Hazard of possessing Taste partially: Those Mothers, who have had Genius to strike out such fine Ideas as compose the present System of Education for Girls, cannot sure have stopped short at its Usefulness.

I am not unaware, that taken up as a Lady's Time is, the Evening Route and the Morning Auction meet so near, and leave so very little Space for immediate Business; such as Dressing, Eating, Sleep, &c. that a Lady can't possibly herself have Time to superintend the Education of her Daughter.

But then she has placed that Care in established Hands, having doubtless had her Mademoiselle on the best Recommendation, and also all other fashionable Auxiliaries, and even Dictators, if such are in the Mode of the Month, or of the Season; so that having thus performed her Duty, she must be without Fear, and very justly so; yet with all this, from the Hints I have thrown out in this Paper, it may be guessed, that I doubt not she will

will examine, and make herself certain, that the Spirit accompanies the Letter.

I would have a Mother take her Daughters under her own Eye, as she would a Bed of favourite Flowers: I would have her explain Things to them, open their Minds, inform their Sentiments, and direct their Ideas; then will the *Τὸ ὅλον*, that *Whole* which makes my Motto be established.—I apologize not for these Greek Words: The Ladies love to hear, nay, to speak Greek. They must employ it in using these technical Terms, of which they are so fond; nay, I even sometimes suspect they understand it, though of this they make a Secret. Secrets to be sure the Ladies still have; to have some is agreeable to the Character of the Sex; and Fashion makes it polite at present to show Unreservedness in many Cases, where Reserve was formerly necessary. In this Light, one must needs conjecture they have adapted some other Things to be reserved in, tho' we are not as yet made acquainted wherein they consist: Truth will out! and I conjecture that speaking Greek is one of their Mysteries. The Ladies frequently go so far as to express themselves in Greek, and the Suggestion that they understand it, seems not unapt, especially as they may be the more urged in Compassion to do some-

something therein, as the Men have so much disused it, and as Lord *Bolingbroke*, by Precept, would have it left off. This Paper being principally wrote for the Ladies, from the above Sentiment, I have indulged in a Greek Motto.

But without pursuing this Fancy concerning Greek, as Things secret ought, in my Opinion, to be held sacred, so give me Leave to proceed to add a Hint, how these Mothers, to whom I address myself, may find a Coadjutor to aid them. A Hint to their lively Geniuses (from which I suppose the lively Geniuses of their Daughters are derived) is enough! My Hint is, that very great Use may be made in this System, of composing a perfect *Whole* of that very first Book, which is, or ought to be, put into every young Person's Hands; I mean the Bible.

The more extensive Education now in Use, I with Pleasure remark, has not excluded this Part of former Education. I imagine so, from being accustomed to find, in my Morning Visits, the History of the Bible, very finely bound, and embellished with Copper-plates; and I doubt not the Ladies with whom I find it, often read it themselves to their Children, or desire Mademoiselle to explain it to them. This is ornamental as well as useful; very pretty
it

it is to hear the amiable Prattlers repeat their Lessons. I have however in mentioning this a still farther Aim; I would have the old Book itself taught, and Parts of it got by Rote, to impress it upon the Memory, and to render its Precepts familiar. Any old Woman, or Nurse in a Family can do this, and relieve Mademoiselle from the Trouble: Yet, upon second Thoughts, I doubt not; Care must be taken not to have the Language spoilt by these antiquated Instructors; and to give them a Proficiency in the *French*, Children must be taught every Thing in that Language. 'Tis irksome for Mademoiselle to have so much to do, but Necessity wills, and she must do it. Religion too, of all Things, is her proper Province, since for it she left her own Country, and took Refuge in this, where, the very Reverse of the Children of *Israel*, she, amidst the Flesh-pots of *Egypt*, looks back with Desire at the Lentils she has left behind her.

ESSAY XXIV.

Consider well the Talent you possess.

ROSCOMMON.

IT requires, I must own, no common Talent, to make out how the old unfashionable Book, I mentioned in my last can with Propriety be used, and yet it appears to me it may, and that, to prove it, I intended this Paper for a Speculation upon the Subject, but am interrupted by Letters, which I shall make this Day's Entertainment, reserving the other Theme for a future Opportunity.

The first I shall present is from a *North Britain*, gifted, as he tells me, with the Second Sight.

“ S I R,

“ Your Paper upon Politics lay so invitingly open, that I could not resist
 “ reading it over, as I dusted my Master's Study. My Master is a great Critic: He is the one Eye of a certain
 “ Bookseller: I heard them talk of your
 “ Book one Day, as I poured them out
 “ their Coffee, whereby I knew it was
 “ yours, and also your Address. My
 “ Master

“ Master it seems, had been stopped short,
“ in reading over your Paper upon Politics,
“ because he left it there, or that he in-
“ tended to read it over again.

“ Methinks, Sir, I could be of Use to
“ you : I have by Inheritance the Second
“ Sight ; by the Help of which, I could
“ let you into Secrets beyond the Power
“ of the First Sight to guess at, how well
“ soever endowed with Understanding a
“ Man may be.

“ I am, for my own Part, generally rec-
“ koned shrewd ; one that can see into a
“ Millstone as far as his Neighbours. I
“ am besides honest ; that is, pretty steady,
“ and one who, had he been in Office,
“ would not have run the Hazard of hav-
“ ing a Millstone tied about his Neck,
“ whether in a figurative Sense or no.

“ At present I am impartial. At first, I
“ must own, from a Knack at finding
“ Fault (which we clever People are apt
“ to give into) I set out rather in what
“ was then called the Opposition ; but the
“ Party themselves restored my Equilibrium,
“ by removing the Partiality I naturally
“ had for them.

“ I am, you must know, Sir, the very
“ Drawer who was turned out of that
“ great House where the Opposition then
“ met, for being a *Scotsman*.

“ The

“The Party however were rather too late of thinking of this, for I had served them a Fortnight before they knew what Countryman I was.

“*ROLAND.*”

In the Postscript I have Mr *Roland's* Address. He writes, methinks, with an Air, as if he could give a *Rowland* for an *Oliver*. I am, for my Part, far from undervaluing a Correspondent so doubly-gifted as he is, with the First and Second Sight; but I would have him know that I am delicate, and will take it extremely ill, if he means to make me a political Shoe-horn, by giving me his Letter to publish: That the Hint thrown out, that the Party were rather too late in dismissing him, has the Appearance of a Lure for Hush-money; but I must tell him, that I don't work for others, but for myself; but this Obstacle removed, I assure Mr *Roland* I shall be charmed to have a genuine Elucidation of a Business so important as that is to the Nation.

My next Correspondent, is Lady *Magnesia*.

“*COUSIN,*

“You have been accustomed to investigate the Arcana of Nature, and to look
“into

“ into these Phænomena with a proper
“ Spirit, without the Risk of accounting
“ for them as the Result of secondary Cau-
“ ses. When our finite Abilities tend this
“ Way, it leads to Atheism: One is safe,
“ therefore, in any Case, to take your Opi-
“ nion; but what I have to mention does
“ not come under the above Risk: What
“ I want to know is, what it is in us that
“ produces Dreams? You know how in-
“ tellectually my Faculties are generally
“ employed: I have lately been composing
“ something that, for several Reasons, took
“ up all my waking Attention. The Sub-
“ ject itself interested me, and my Repu-
“ tation, in a particular Manner, depended
“ upon it, as it was to be shewn to our
“ Society, who had long expected it. One
“ Night, fatigued with intense Study, I
“ fell asleep, and what do you think was
“ the Subject of my dreary Dreams? I
“ can't say, for I could recollect nothing;
“ but my Lord assured me in the Morn-
“ ing I had talked all Night concerning
“ little *Nancy*. Solve me this Mystery, and
“ oblige your Cousin and Friend,

“ *MAGNESIA*.

Lady *Magnesia* would not take it well
to have this Mystery solved, by saying she
is more reasonable than she appears to be,
and

and yet I believe this is the Case. Little *Nancy*, her Grand-daughter, has a greater Share in her Affections than her Gaiety will permit her to perceive; and her Opinion that Lady *Alba*, Miss *Nancy*'s Mother, does not sufficiently attend to her, and that there are certain Symptoms about the Child, which a Physician would not like, do, I believe, hurt her somewhat, even in the Way of Benevolence, or Goodness of Heart: For Nature, like Murder, will out, and a Grandmother's Heart is the very Arsenal of Nature, where she lays up her Stores. Lady *Magnesia* never gave that Indulgence to her own Children, which I have seen her give to Miss *Nancy*; and I don't believe she would chuse to be suspected of having so much Fondness for her as she really has: For Lady *Magnesia* is a Lady who despises Chains, and I have heard her call the Affection's real Fetters, as they restrain the Liberty of one's own Free Agency. 'Tis true she urges this the most vehemently, when she would drive away from her Lord any Anxiety, which the Tenderness of his Heart may at any Time involve him in for a Friend; for Lady *Magnesia* is much of a Philosopher, and a great Reasoner against human Infirmities, which she alledges are in a great Measure implanted in us by ourselves.

By

By what I have observed, she however has some Feelings, and I think from what I have said it would appear, that my Opinion is, that Dreams proceed rather from the Mind, than from the Imagination; rather from what is inherent in us, than from what floats about without us: Besides it may be urged, that the Imagination is so constantly employed by Lady *Magnesia* when awake, that it is glad to escape when she sleeps, and then something else occurs.

The Subject of Dreams is very delicate. It is what I think I could treat in a masterly Manner notwithstanding, but I shall beware of beginning with it at the End of a Paper, because it would lead me to an unreasonable Length. I think I have done much better, in introducing to my Readers a Subject which I dare say they will canvass among themselves. The Article of Dreams won't be let fall. When my Paper is thrown upon the Table, that Subject will be examined by every curious Reader, in order to give an Answer to Lady *Magnesia's* Quere.

I doubt I must have been obliged to have taken Advice of my Pillow concerning it, had it not luckily happened, that an Incident has saved me the Trouble. My Lady is about to marry her Son *William*;

liam; she has found an Heirefs for him, and has a good Bargain of her, though the Lady has some few Drawbacks. The young Couple are to be married, and to go that Evening into the Country, there to remain some Days, but not in the Stile of Retirement, as the Fashion is. Mr *William* takes out all his Family, in order to accustom the Bride to proper Company. She comes from the City, and must appear at Court. We shall have a strange moulding of her. I am invited to the Wedding, and I hope the Hurry of it will turn Lady *Magnesia's* Thoughts from Dreams for the present.

ESSAY

ESSAY XXV.

Variety's the Source of Joy below.

LANDSDOWN.

THIS is wrote from that happy Villa which received the Honourable Mr and Mrs *Commea*, who came hither as fast as six Bays could draw them, after the Marriage Ceremony was performed: The Coach was preceded by those of Lord *Magnesia* and Lord *Alba*, whose Coachmen, stimulated by the Crack of the Whip from behind, drove on as hard as they could. In the first Equipage, were Lord and Lady *Magnesia*, an Uncle of the Bride's, and myself: In Lord *Alba's*, were his Lordship and his Lady, Mr *Manley*, and Lady *Elizabeth*: In Mr *Commea's*, were the Bride and Bridegroom, Lady *Annabella*, and a Companion she has got: Behind were Attendants: Every Thing was in Taste that was bespoke by Mr *William*, the Bride herself excepted; she was a great overgrown Girl, most gorgeously fine, with the Bloom of a Milk-maid, and an Hand and Arm as red as her Cheeks: She behaved upon this Occasion far different from what Lady *Alba* had done in the like Situation; that is, without the least Decorum; she

Z

stood

stood to be married with as much Unconcern, as if she had been at a Country Dance; she rattled over the Responses, as if she had been repeating a Lesson, with a good deal of Accuracy, I must confess; but if I am any Thing of a Physiognomist, she did not much relish the Vows in any of the three Articles. I mistake it, if she is more in Love with Mr *Commea*, than he is with her; she does not appear to honour him much, and I take it she is not in the least prone to obey; however we got her easily enough. To say the Truth, we bought her of her Mother, for more perhaps than another would have given, who would not, as we have done, lumped her into the Bargain. Another might have asked Money for Deficiencies upon that Account, whilst we took the Whole as it stood; we had not many Competitors indeed, but we considered we might come to have more. 'Twas a pretty round Sum we gave the Mother, and she gave us her Daughter. As to the Uncle, we have little Trouble with him; he is Guardian to his Niece, and says, "that curs'd Cows should have short Horns." He gives us what Terms we will, from a mere Love of Discipline. The Parties, as the modish Way is, are married upon Articles; there is a great deal to settle; that is, upon

on the Lady's Side, for we have nothing; but we have Politeness; we would not be in a different Stile from our Neighbours. This same Uncle is a queer Cur, he diverts me, and I reckon I ought to make a Banquet of him to my Readers, at the same Time I own him so queer, that his Notions are scarcely utterable in polite Company at present, though I have seen the Day when such Notions as his were very generally received. There is a Tide in Time; it flows like a River between Banks, and washes sometimes the one Side, sometimes the other. Once it was Auste- rity and Solidity, now 'tis Grace and Fin- nesse that gains Ground. All I can say is, that I am not in Fault if Mr *Crusty* (so is the Gentleman in Question called) displeases.

We shall stay here a Day or two, and if I guess a-right, the Party will produce me most admirable Tea-table Chat; I should not be surprized if it afforded as much as will last me all the Season for the Wa- ters; for such Plenty of Variety there is in the present Groupe, that I doubt I could not part with them, and put any Thing equally good in their Stead. My Reader must consider, that all Things relating to Life, and its Dependencies, may be han- dled in Conversation. Let it not be ob-

jected, that having undertaken to harangue at Breakfast, where good Cream, good Butter, and most excellent Muffins deserve something as it were to keep them Company, that I chuse to introduce, instead of what is proper for that, a Sillibub under a Cow, or a Glass of Cowslip Wine, Things proper enough at proper Times, but heterogeneous at Breakfast.

Let me assure my Readers, that I am strictly bound to Decorum, a Genius perfectly in Taste, I rather at first feared it would not be possible to be dextrous enough to please an Age so elegant; that a home-bred Man, in seeing the gay World, might, like *Sir Francis Wronghead*, exclaim in something apropos to it, as the Knight did to his Wife, when he cries out in Admiration, Fifty Pounds for Lace, no thicker than a Cobweb! I study the Age; I pretend I can keep Time with it; and a Sense of Propriety is the very Thing I value myself upon: My Readers may therefore believe I shall conform myself to their Taste, and whatever I produce shall be strictly proper for the Season, and for the Hour of the Day.

We should have open Ears at all Seasons: If People are mobb'd up in Summer, 'tis to please the Fancy, and we see they can dress in Winter without catching

ing Cold. 'Tis the Ladies I speak to. Ladies ought principally to be considered in an Apology; but give me Leave to assure both Gentlemen and Ladies, that what I offer them from myself, I will adapt properly. When I repeat after another, I am but a Rehearser.

As for Example, Mr *Crusty*, in the Middle of the polite People about him, fell into an Harangue upon the Want of an Awe of Providence, the Want of a Sense of Religion, and the Want of a proper Education, in a Stile unfit for so elegant an Audience, and of Consequence for me to repeat.

'Tis true he was urged to it by the strangest Surprise, and the strongest Feelings, and this must plead his Excuse, if there can be any Excuse, for forgetting one's self in certain Company. The Story was this: *Hilarius*, a great Friend of his, and a Man of Consequence by his Example, drowned himself. He was in his Senses: The Motive was Debt. He might not have paid it perhaps in his Lifetime, but he might have compounded, and done his Creditors more Justice than by taking away from them the Whole, by this voluntary Death; for what he had was an Annuity, and that died with him. This was the State of the Case, and it struck
Mr

Mr *Crusty* so much, that, without Regard to the Company, he broke out into a Discourse on Morality, the first Part of which would be too grave for this Paper, but what he continued to say was really very well: He talked of Suicide as rhetorically as a Parson from the Pulpit, and of the Power of Example, of Sin, of Decency, of Duty to ourselves, to our Families, to our Neighbours, and to the World; of the Nature of Things, and their Tendencies, and this in as particular a Manner as *Lycurgus* could have done. We all of us stared at the old Don: He was wrapt up in his Subject, and did not mind us, but continued thus:

“ There is a Want of Fortitude, as necessary to bear a Man up against desperate Purposes, as the most brutal Temperament is for the executing the worst Designs. With this Dislike of suffering, no Matter what Worth a Man has: If he lets this Disposition govern him, one can no more guess what his Actions may be, than they can guess those of a Machine: It is put into Motion, but it does not guide itself. *Hilarius*, my Friend! Oh, my Friend!” Thus saying, Tenderness overcame him; he folded his Arms, and raising his Eyes to Heaven, Tears run down his Cheeks.

Emotion

Emotion of every Kind has this Peculiarity, it fixes the Attention ; we were all of us silent, and looking at Mr *Crusty*, when *Belinda*, Lady *Annabella's* Companion, exclaimed, " La, Sir, to be sure we have heard before the Things you have said concerning Religion and Morality ; but give me Leave to tell you, you are mightily mistaken, if you are of Opinion one can't be disquieted, even to the last Degree ; I mean, even to make one's own Quietus, as *Hamlet* says, and have Fortitude, and even a great deal of the Christian too to be sure, as *Cato* says in the Play ; " *Plato*, thou reasonest well." But they you will say were Naturalists, and People of ancient Time ; but what I am about to mention, Sir, happened lately ; only about six Months ago ; and the Subject of the Story is still living. In short, I mean myself, Sir !" Here the young Lady stopped, as if to prepare herself to begin a Narration. She then gently hemmed, and pulled out her Handkerchief in order to assist her to cough, or to cry, as I suppose, when Lady *Annabella*, rising hastily from her Seat, threw herself upon her Neck : My Dear *Bell*, said she, don't present us with so disagreeable a Scene.

I am sorry the Bounds of my Paper does not admit of my inserting Miss *Bell's* Reply,

ply, nor of explaining who she is, and how she came in three Days (for their Acquaintance was of no longer Date) to become the Bosom Friend of Lady *Annabella*; a Lady to most People nice and coy of Acquaintance; all this I must defer at present, but shall resume the Subject.

ESSAY

ESSAY XXVI.

Variety's the Source of Joy below.

LANDSDOWN.

WE left Lady *Annabella* upon the Neck of her Friend, where she had thrown herself most gracefully, and where she was received with all the proper Reciprocations that could be imagined, by one equally eloquent and sentimental as Miss *Bell*; who, having made the due Return of Thanks, was again preparing to speak, when she was prevented by Lady *Annabella*, who, putting her Hand to the young Lady's Mouth, herself began to speak, and thus addressed the Company:

“ Though this sweet Creature can speak,
 “ as you have heard, vastly well, 'tis no
 “ Way strange that I, her Friend, should
 “ be unwilling the dear Soul should open
 “ a Wound, not yet fit to bear the Air.
 “ 'Tis but three Days since I saw her first,
 “ and in these three Days I have seen the
 “ Excess of her Grief. 'Tis so intense,
 “ that I don't really believe any Thing
 “ could have kept it so long within Bounds,
 “ as the Company have seen her, had she
 “ not met with the Variety and Amuse-
 “ ment of this Party, of which I insisted
 A a “ she

“ she should be one, to dissipate her Sorrow
“ a little.”

Miss *Bell*, who had been unwilling to be silent, when she had so pleasing a Theme as herself to speak of, seemed more reconciled to the Interruption, when she found her Friend was to perform that Office for her, but Lady *Annabella* was interrupted as Miss *Bell* had been. This happened by the Arrival of some Visitants.

They were received with Surprise. Their coming so abruptly was rather a Solecism in Behaviour. They were the Bride's Relations; and to say the Truth, this was the chief Drawback we saw in the Marriage; namely, the Ridicule the Familiarity of such vulgar People might occasion. This was pretty much warded against one would have thought. Even the Bride's Mother was made to understand she was not expected to be of this Party, nor ever would be expected to be of any one, without a particular Invitation. This was understood to be a Hint to the Relations in general, but it proved not so. The Mother was piqued, and I mistake it if Mrs *Sentwell* (for that is her Name) is not a Character, though not a Courtier. I have my own private Suspicions that it was she who contrived, that her Cousins *Flounceabout* and *Brisk* should thus break in upon us.

Mrs

Mrs *Flounceabout* was a Widow, turned of thirty, fatish, laced up, and bridled, in order not to lose an Inch of her Height, which, to say the Truth, she could not spare, for she was rather short; but a Pair of good black Eyes, a very white Skin, and Abundance of good brown Hair, not the least inclining to grey, gave her some Pretensions; and what Pretensions she has she will stand to I warrant her, if one may judge by her Looks. She has an Air that tells one, I am somebody to be taken Notice of; and, as if by Sympathy, Lady *Alba* felt this. A Person whose Air said, Look at me, I am one to be minded, seemed to have a Claim for Regard, from one of Lady *Alba's* Turn, who so well understood the Consequence of Self-importance, that she doubtless valued all those who assumed it. She accordingly was very civil to Mrs *Flounceabout*, seemed pleased with her, and did by this Demeanor captivate the Heart of the good Citizen: For City Pride so far differs from the Pride of the Court, that a Citizen will love you for being attentive to her, if you are of Quality. A Court Lady, on the contrary, will despise you, very probably on that Account: She is more aware of every one, has more cool Blood, and knows you are her Dupe; for the Court Pride is assumed, to impose upon the

Fancy of those who give them Credit for their Worth. The City Pride proceeds from a joyous Heart, good animal Spirits, and a little Vanity, perhaps, to rival the Courtiers; with all this the Citizens are fond of Quality, and when any one of that Class are gracious, they are then quite devotees, and the Tribute they pay them is visible in every Look and Gesture. I would be understood to talk of real Citizens; there are who copy after the Court. But to return.

Mrs *Flounceabout* was a lively Woman, Lady *Alba* an uniform one, or, if my Reader will, a dull one: She was Common-place. The only Article in which she shewed Fancy, was in the Variety of her Torments; and yet this Variety was not in her, so much as in Things themselves, Her Fancy, like that of the Tyrant *Polycrustus*, chose all should conform to her Pleasure, as he to his Bed. She, like him, reduced every one to her own Standard, The Difference in Punishment, was the lengthening or shortening the present Victim, and in their Degree of Feeling. Lady *Alba's* Victims might just so relate their Cases. The Variety is rather in them than in her Imagination. From this Fund of Tyranny, and this Want of Talents, it happened that Lady *Alba* was no more

re-

regarded than her Quality exacted. To perceive then that Vivacity mixed with Admiration, which informed in Mrs *Flounce* about every Look and Gesture, and which her Words expressed in every proper Phrase, to explain her Sentiments, was pleasing to Lady *Alba*, who seemed to think this Stranger had something vastly fine in her. She in Consequence joined Conversation with the new Comers, and of Course with Mr and Mrs *Commea*, who naturally fell to their Share. This made one little Groupe. Lady *Magnesia* was glad of the Opportunity to talk to her Son separately from his Wife. She wanted to know some Particulars relating to Miss *Nancy*, which the distant Behaviour of her Daughter-in-law prevented her enquiring into. Lord *Magnesia* was a mighty Man for domestic Matters: He huddled in with them. Lady *Elizabeth* was always glad, when Occasion offered, to get into a Corner with Mr *Manley*; and it so happened just now that their Chairs got together. Lady *Annabella*, in the most concerned and fretful Manner, stood before that of her Friend, whispering her with great Earnestness. By this Means Mr *Crusty* and I got together, and the Fulness of his Heart turned his Conversation again upon *Hilarius*. Yon Impertinent, said he, interrupted me: She is indeed

indeed of a different Character from *Hilarius*; Cowardice and Softness of Temper was his Ruin. Her Unhappiness is quite the contrary: Precipitancy, or extreme Rashness, and Want of the Idea of Fear, or Doubt, make up her Composition, and have made her the Subject of a Story; for every Man, as *Sancho* says, is the Son of his own Works. That Girl might have lived very happily had she not been a Genius. I know her perfectly well: Her Father is a Gentleman of a small Estate, an ancient Piece of Land however, as it is called, as if all Lands had not their Tenure from the Creation; but Lands with us derive their Value from Charters, instead of Crops, as we may plainly see from the threadbare Condition of those *Hidalgos* who value themselves upon their Antiquity. Here Mr *Crusty* coughed, in order gracefully to reassume his Discourse, and smiled to himself, in tacit Approbation of his own Pleasantry. I smiled too, but 'twas to think of his golden Harvests, if Plenty flows from Newness of Possession; for as Mr *Crusty* was, to use a fashionable Expression, a Person of no Birth, he could not of Consequence value himself upon his Family. But to return. With his Hand over his Face he recollected himself for a Moment after his Hem, and then proceeded thus:

“Extremes

“Extremes meet! Things the most oppo-
“site come to the same Point! *Hilarius*,
“from Goodness, from Weakness, from
“Fear, hurries himself to Destruction!
“His Heart could not bear to see any
“Reduction in his Family Expences. His
“Want of Resolution at first to own he
“could not afford it, has made him com-
“mit this rash Action. It was all owing
“to Weakness, not to Self-indulgence. He
“was no Sensualist; no Lover of Ease:
“He had no Passions that were urgent for
“Indulgence; he had no unruly Appetites
“to distress him: He was cautious, he
“was prudent, more so perhaps than any
“he has left behind him: He deserved
“the Title of the blameless Man! That
“Title so pleasing to *Homer*, which gra-
“ces his *Ulysses*, and which might have
“graced my Friend, who to the Gentle-
“ness of the Dove, joined the Sagacity of
“the Serpent, at least in Theory, and
“might in Practice too, but Cowardice
“bore him down: He feared the Grief
“of his Wife; he feared the Disappoint-
“ment of his Children; he feared the Eye
“of every Passenger, sharp to him as a
“two-edged Sword; he feared to see all
“this, rather than to effect it, for all this
“took Place, and more fatally than if he
“had out-braved it. His fatal Catastro-
“phe

"phe grieved his Wife more, disappointed
"his Children more, and his Body was
"more insulted when dead, than ever it
"would have been if living." Here again,
the Concern of Mr *Crusty* stopped him short,
when recovering his Voice, he once more
proceeded: "Miss *Bell*." Here a loud Laugh
from Mrs *Commea* roused him; he run to
her: He loves Decorum, as I have said.
I am sorry however I at this Time lost
hearing more of Miss *Bell*, though I must
acknowledge our Bride requires being
looked after, and that I am not sorry to
see him disposed to do it.

ESSAY

ESSAY XXVII.

Variety's the Source of Joy below.

LANDSDOWN.

MR *Crusty* left me, as I said before, rather abruptly, in order to observe what his Niece was about. She had a Kind of Behaviour which one would have called rude in a Boy; and her being a Girl did not soften Matters, but it makes one at a Loss how to express it. To call a Boy rude at Fifteen may do, but when we say "*a rude Girl*," it does not carry our Ideas, now-a-days, so many Years forward, so modelled is Life! Notwithstanding which, however, and though the Character is at present out of Vogue, Mrs *Commea* was a Romp, and she and her Cousin *Brisk* had gone to Tig-tag, as Mr *Crusty's* Phrase is, as soon as they got together. Mr *William* looked on with that supercilious Air which was natural enough to him, and which he thought at present became his Dignity to assume; considering the Lady concerned owed more Decency to his Presence, and indeed to his Person, than she was pleased to shew. Mr *Brisk* was a Wit; he surveyed Mr *William* with his Eyes, and looked arch:

B b

Mrs

Mrs *Commea* could not stand it, she burst into a violent Fit of Laughing. This exuberant Mirth brought her Uncle to her, and I followed him: To say the Truth, there cannot be a greater Contrast than between the Figures of Mr and Mrs *Commea*; and she, with the Alliance of her Cousin *Brisk*, might now suppose herself Two to One; for *Brisk* had as little Delicacy in his Figure as Mrs *Commea* in her's. Mr *Commea*, I must confess, is rather too delicate, very tall, very slim, and with an Hand so white, that one would not wonder if his Wife's should blush at the Comparison. He has very delicate Features, and a very pale Complexion. Mr *Brisk* is fair and ruddy, fat and smiling. He fixed his Eyes most stedfastly upon the Tip of a Pocket Handkerchief, which hung out of Mr *Commea*'s Pocket, as if to be dipped in Hungary Water. Whether this Attitude struck the Bride, I shall not say, but she laughed exceedingly, and her Cousin primming his Mouth, opened his Snuff-box, and presented it to Mr *William*, who very gravely took out a Pinch, which he flung in his Eyes.

Brisk coughed, sneezed, and bounced; and as soon as he could speak, Dam me, Sir, said he, what do you mean? Just so, Sir, replied Mr *William*, with the coolest Air in the World. The

The Bride, who had at the throwing of the Snuff, laughed till she roared again, took it into her Head to be angry at the Look of Disdain which Mr *Commea* gave her Cousin: She exclaimed that her Relation was ill-used, and that she could not, and would not bear it; then she added, Pray, Cousin *Brisk*, give him a good Slap on the Face; do.

There was no Part for the Company to take, but to laugh; so laugh we all did, only the Bridegroom looked pretty stern, which Circumstance had more Effect than the Bride's Advice, with Mr *Brisk*; for he replied, after a Pause, Nay, Cousin, for Matter of that, I am not one that will bear a Grudge, but it's a little hard, methinks, if a Man may not look at his own Flesh and Blood; I meant but to jest with my Cousin: It is not the first Time, to be sure, that she and I have made free. Mr *William*, who can say what he has a Mind with his Eyes, told him, by their Means, pretty plainly, that he was a Puppy. Upon which Mr *Brisk* started up, swore he would not be so used, and run out. Mrs *Flounceabout* screamed after him, do Cousin, bid my Coachman put to: Upon which Mrs *Commea* tossed up her Head, and said she should not go, 'twas natural she should have some of her own

Friends amongst so many. Mrs *Flounceabout* replied, Well, since it is so, if you will find me a Night Cap, Cousin, I am content to make one. Do you, Cousin *Brisk*, take the Coach to Town, and send it to me To-morrow.

Mr *Brisk* either would not, or did not hear her, for he made no Reply: He was glad to get out of the Way of Mr *William*, I believe.

There was, my Readers may believe, a full Stop put to our Conversation. We all stared at one another. The Countenance Mr *William* affected, was that of sending us all to *Coventry*. He could not by talking to any one of the Company, suppose us at all absent. He was not of equal Importance with any one of us, to make him suppose we would join with him, and so kept by himself alone, walked to a Glass, viewed himself from Top to Toe, seemingly with very much Approbation, and humm'd an Opera Air.

Mr *Manley* took this Opportunity of making his Congees to Mrs *Flounceabout*: She received them with a mighty pleasant Look. It was plain this was not the first Time they had met.

Whilst Mr *Manley* talked to Mrs *Flounceabout*, Mr *Crusty* whispered his Niece, who might for that Time have borrowed her Cousin's

Cousin's Name; for *Flounceabout* she did most exceedingly. I doubt we shall have our Hands full of her: But to continue her Uncle's Metaphor ("the curs'd Cow") I flatter myself that Mr *William* is as proper a Man for securing her Horns, as any she could have met with. The young Lady seems to have too great a Degree of Spirit; but though she has, Mr *William* will be able, I believe, to tame her. I shall not however form any definitive Judgment about her, till I have talked with her Uncle upon the Matter.

Disagreement in Marriage is in general to be supposed, when one sees the Run of the World: Therefore an Author of my Stamp is not to play the Prude, to seem shocked at what he finds it is his Business to animadvert upon.

I mean to do so: I have in my Eye a Set of Rules to be prescribed, as to what is to be avoided in Marriage, as well as a Set of Maxims shewing what is to be forlowed in it.

I have this so much in my Thoughts at present, that I would willingly set about it in my next Paper, were it not that I have now under my Consideration four married Couple, Lord and Lady *Magnesia*, Lord and Lady *Alba*, Mr *Manley* and Lady *Betty*, and Mr *Commea* and his Spouse.

From

From these I shall glean Experience. One paints better from the Life, than from Imagination; and indeed it is Hints from their Conduct, which has at present pointed out this Subject to me. I shall then have my Eye upon them, and in the mean While will return to their Company.

I digressed from them when the Whole were, I think, pretty much embarrassed: Lord *Alba* proposed a Walk; the Evening was fine, and all the Company assented; so to walk we set out, only Lady *Betty* had a Note to write, which detained her Ladyship.

I mention this Circumstance, as it had some Consequences not to be overlooked by me, in the View of a future Commentator upon Matrimony. I do not write private History, for the Sake of Incidents, but when any Thing characteristic appears, it is the very Quarry I am to pursue.

E S S A Y XXVIII.

Variety's the Source of Joy below.

LANDSDOWN.

I N our walk, as is usual, we divided into Parties. Mr *Crusty* left his Niece to the Conversation of her Cousin, Mrs *Flounceabout*, and her Sister Lady *Alba*. They were accompanied by Lord *Alba* and Mr *Manley*. Mr *William* was drawn into the Party of his Father and Mother, who probably wanted to talk to him. Lady *Annabella* and Miss *Bell* were got together. Lady *Annabella* has succeeded in the Search of *David Simple*, and found a Friend. Her present Whim is to despise Men.

By this Disposition of the Company, it appears, that Mr *Crusty* and I fell together. We did so, and I believe we were neither of us sorry for it.

My good Sir, said I, the Scene we lately beheld, was rather an odd one. It was so, said he. The Nobility court us for our Money, and when they have us, they think they may use us as they will. Our Girl has a Spirit however, and but for that, I had not been averse to her having her Cousin *Brisk*, who likes her, and the him.

him. He is a good landed Match, and would have kept her amongst us. He is not one that would make a Soldier, I believe, but we are peaceable People. He is, I will own to a Friend, a little impertinent; but then he is young, Sir, young; and he is a Wit; that is, a Wit in our City Way; for, with the Courtiers, Wit is quite another Thing, as far as I can perceive. But to return to the Matter in Hand: If I have any Spleen at the Courtiers, or at the Quality (for to say the Truth, we plain Folks don't much affect them) why, I imagine my Niece *Bridget* will not deceive me, she will give any Man as good as he brings, I warrant her. Ay, ay, answered I, you did indeed make Mention of curs'd Cows. Yes, replied he, I chose to put the Girl where I thought her Horns might be secure. She is to be sure a little mischievous, but she bears no ill in her Mind. With her 'tis all a Kiss and a Blow. She is hasty, not lasty; that's not so curs'd you'll say; but however that be, I would have let her had her Cousin *Brisk*, had she been one that made much Difference between one and another: But as she is pretty easy in these Particulars, I considered with myself what was best for her, and so I thought it best to put her where she would have up-hill Work. She is
young

young, but I have observed it from her Cradle, when she has had no Work, she cut herself out some. I had best find her Employment, says I, and so I made few Words with your young Spark. I fore-saw they would never have two Thoughts alike. She will have her own Way, he will Check her. She is the better for Contradiction. All's for the best.

A most pleasant Account, said I; but, pray, you know Miss *Belinda's* Story? Yes, said he, she is an only Child, was strictly kept out of the Way of being spoiled Abroad, and was to all Intents and Purposes spoiled at Home.

Her Father was one of these Land-proud Gentlemen, who chuse to keep a few Acres for having been long in the Family, tho' his Belly is often pinched, and his Back goes bare for it. The Mother is an excellent Woman indeed, but mild; and Miss *Bell* is a Genius. Reasonable Marriages were proposed to her, all of which she refused. She had read little, seen less, but she imagines much, and fancies that some How or other, were she in the World, she would profit by it. She had a serious Turn, as she imagined, and to prove this Notion to herself, she read Tragedy, and that she declares taught her, that Suicide might, in certain Cases, be lawful. She read Novels

too, and from them she gathered, that the World was for the Winner. In Consequence of which, having been much pressed by her Mother to accept of a very rational Offer of Marriage, she thought it proper to run away from Home, and no one knew where she was, till a Letter from herself gave an Account of it. She said they might be comforted, for *Roderic Random*, when he left Home, had as little as she. The Date of this Letter from a Seaport Town, led the Parents to imagine she was gone there, to be ready to receive a Person they thought she had a Regard for, and who was expected from a Voyage at that Time. As she refused to come Home, her Parents took Care to have the young Man acquainted with her Love; and he said, seeing it was so, that she loved him, he would marry her with all his Heart. He then went to her, and proposed Marriage, but, it seems, in Terms not delicate enough, for she refused him, ran away to *London*, forswore Marriage, and thought of dying for his Sake. Lady *Annabella* heard of her, and being at that Time out of Humour with the Men, because I suppose her own Family had all married before her, commenced a sentimental Friendship with her. 'Tis the Author himself who makes this Supposition, for Mr *Crusby* concluded his

his Story, when he had told me Miss *Bell's* Ramble.

Lady *Annabella* had told me herself of a dear sentimental Creature she had met with the most accidentally in the World, who had foresworn Marriage. This she told me, together with a nonsensical Story of Love, and Delicacy, and Despair, which I took no Notice of, but I shall from the Premises have an Eye to Lady *Annabella*, that she may not turn Shepherdess. The Ridiculousness of that Taste I can prove from *Moliere*, and also that it is not new.

But to return to the Subject I left: We of the walking Party, on our Return Home, met Lady *Betty* in the Hall, preparing to join us, and we all repaired to the Dining-room, there to begin Conversation, and to remove the little remaining Discomposure that still seemed to be amongst us. Lord *Magnesia* good-naturedly began.

We have been talking, said he, since we met here, sentimentally, and upon Subjects that suit my Opinion; let us suppose a Fairy brought her Muff, and gave it us to blow our Wishes into, what would you have Mrs Bride? *My Will*, replied Mrs *Commea*, bluntly enough; at which, Mr *William* bowing low, his Father, for Fear of a Retort, hastily added, and you, my Son *William*? Oh, Money! replied he, with a

Gesture, which plainly said it buys all Things ; to which Mrs *Comma's* Looks replied, *and you have it.* Lady *Magnesia* chose Authority ; Lady *Alba*, Power ; Lady *Betty*, Content ; Mr *Manley*, Independence ; Lord *Alba*, social Happiness ; Miss *Bell*, Delicacy ; Lady *Annabella*, Genius ; Mrs *Flounceabout* said she could not tell, one had so many Things to wish for ; Mr *Crusty* said, I suppose in Allusion to that, that he thought common Sense was a mighty good Sort of Thing ; I, with a View to my Authorship, said, I should chuse the Talent to please.

Well, said Lord *Magnesia*, you have all told what you would like, I will tell you whom I would be like, might I have my Choice, and this is no other than Sir *Lawrence Bountiful* ; with his Purse and his Heart one might amuse one's self mightily well, methinks.

From this Hint several of the Company began to build Castles in the Air, of what they would do, if they were rich. The Imagination is to the Soul, as the Retina of the Eye to its Chrystaline Humour. The Pictures were all drawn there, and this made me take Notice of several Things mentioned, which might otherwise have escaped me.

The

The unguarded Moments of the Mind are to an Author, such as I am, as were the Hints taken from the Atoms in Motion to *Leonardo Vinci*. In this View the imaginary Castles of Lady *Annabella* and her Friend claimed my particular Notice. The Peculiarity of their Whim is such, that without seeing these Ladies, I had very likely lost an Embellishment in my Picture, or to speak more properly, I had without this, lost something essential to my Work.

The Reader knows there is a certain modish Manner of working with a Needle, by which Means Worsted represents, with us, as perfectly as Pebble, Glass, &c. in *Mosaic*, does with the *Italians*.

To execute this Needle-work, the Artists must frequently die their Colours: Some are not to be found ready done to their Hands. In like Manner, none of those who have afforded Materials for Mind-painting, have furnished any Thing that the Ideas of the young Ladies above-mentioned could be represented in.

In the Castles they built for themselves, I found proper Materials, whereby to render them their just Characters. This may be called a lucky Hit, for by one Accident or other it happened, that I possess
in

in my Mind the most perfect Collection of Whims now extant; and Whim, as I have seen it, makes the Quintessence, the Effluvia, the very finest Particules of both first and second Nature. So that I value myself upon my Collection, and will, as Occasions offer, give from Time to Time Examples from it.

I am sorry I am at present diverted from entering into a Description of the Whim of Lady *Annabella*, by an Accident, of which I can't avoid taking Notice, as essential to another Point I have in View, *viz.* the Precautions I propose upon Marriage. It is this: All our Company were not alike sentimental, nor equally endowed with Imagination. Mrs *Flounceabout*, for Example, at the very Time when the most delicate and high-flown Sentiments were uttered by Miss *Belinda*, took the Opportunity of expatiating with Lady *Betty*, upon the Neatness of her Ladyship's Clogs, and how that she, having forgot her own, had received much Benefit from them.

This reminded Lady *Betty* that she had seen her Clogs in Mr *Manley's* Hand, when she came into the Hall, in order to follow us: She now began to think this very odd, and a little Cloud settled itself upon her Countenance.

ESSAY

ESSAY XXIX.

Variety's the Source of Joy below.

LANDSDOWN.

MY Reader may have thought it natural, when I carried him full Speed to the Country (I say him, as Ladies are less curious in such Things) that I should have introduced him into the Bride Chamber afterwards, on the Occasion of the Ceremony of throwing the Stocking, or for any other Purpose. And as I did not do so, he may imagine I have an Objection to following any wedded Pair into their Bed Chamber; but this is a Mistake. I only shun common-place Talk as the Bane of Vivacity, a Circumstance necessary to such Essays as mine. Nothing new was to be said of Mr and Mrs *Commea*. They retired at the proper Hour, and in the proper Manner. This we all looked upon as Part of the Ceremony; but in the Bed Chamber of Lady *Elizabeth* and Mr *Manley*, there was something more uncommon; their Bed Chamber was not always the same. This is one Circumstance that relieves Fancy, besides they were in every Respect, in their Connections, rather as Friends, than as Man and Wife,

Wife. A Connection which, could it be in general introduced into the Marriage System, would greatly help me in the future Precautions I mean to give for that State. I introduce my Readers therefore into Lady *Elizabeth's* Chamber, who had no Thoughts of going to Bed. Mr *Manley* found her, when he came into the Room, seated in an easy Chair; her Head upon her Hand: She looked grave, but made him an obliging Bow at his Entrance.

He ran up to her, and very kindly enquired what was the Matter, as he had, in the Course of the Evening, several Times whispered to know if she ailed any Thing, that he had no direct Answer? He was in Pain for her Health, took her by the Hand very kindly, felt it was not warm; then felt her Pulse; it told no Tales; yet still he was in Pain, and fancied her not well. With Concern in his Countenance he placed himself upon a Chair by her, and with the utmost Tendernefs, begged she would not make a Secret to him of what she felt.

Nay, nothing, replied she, inclining towards him, with an Air rather indolent, I am very well. I was in no Danger. Had I gone with you to walk, I might have caught Cold; but I was not with you, you know. I was in Pain lest you should

should come, replied her Husband, therefore hastened the Rest Home. Mrs *Commea*, who does the Honours most perfectly to her Relations, had taken out your Clogs for herself, on finding she had none of her own. This gave me Pain; I know how apt you are to catch Cold, and when she quitted them, I examined them, to know if they had taken in Wet.

Was that the Reason, said Lady *Betty*, with her Countenance quite changed, for which you examined my Clogs? It was, replied, Mr *Manley* (eying her attentively;) and tenderly pressing the Hand he held, he thus continued: I conjure you, Madam, to speak plainly, to answer me what I shall ask you: Our future Happiness depends upon it.

Lady *Betty*, looking earnestly in his Face, began to tremble; and with a most serious, and rather self-condemning Air, replied, I assure you, Mr *Manley*, I will answer you most sincerely. If my Reader asks me how I know all this, I reply, from Lady *Betty* herself. She has this Peculiarity in her Character, that she has no more Partiality for her own Defects, than she has for the Defects of others. On the contrary, she considers them more closely. She does not expatiate more on the Failings of her Neighbours, than on

her own Failings. She is upon her Guard, and she loves to moralize with me; she knows I am her Friend. But to return.

Mr *Manley* looked very serious. Madam, said he, you know I esteem you; what then could give you Cause of Suspicion, in the Affair of the Clogs?

Why, replied she, with Hesitation, Mrs *Founceabout* looked big; my Sisters, if from Design or Giddiness I shall not say, threw in more Fuel: You and she seemed vastly acquainted, I thought; and just now you hit mighty readily upon the Case of the Clogs. She spoke this Half sobbing, and Mr *Manley*, still holding her Hand, replied:

Let us examine this Matter to the Bottom, 'tis the first Misunderstanding, a second can never be, if we don't clear up this. You have been jealous, I imagine.

Not jealous, replied she. The Object was not worth it. If then it had been an Object of more Dignity, would you have been less uneasy, said Mr *Manley*?

More, replied Lady *Betty*, but it would not have hurt my Pride so much. A Story here had hurt Decorum, when one considers the Footing you and I are upon.

I never imagined Lady *Elizabeth*, replied he, our Connection was any other than that marked out by the Gospel.

Why

Why really, Mr *Manley*, replied she, smiling, I don't desire it at all to differ from the Vows we made by the Prayer-book, but we are older you know, than I was, at least, when I was first married: Our's is an Engagement, entered into from Taste, and I fain would have it seem consistent.

But in this Case, replied he, you would pardon a similar Frailty.

And in this Case, replied she, I would very readily.

Why then, replied he, I will give you my Word on't, my governing Passion is not Love: I esteem you, I find you worthy of my Attachment. In you I possess all the Advantages of Friendship. This is the Case, and now suppose me led away by an extraneous Object, would you grumble if it were a Woman, more than if a Braze of Partridges?

I would not, replied Lady *Betty*, supposing you made the one no more a Secret than the other. That, replied he, smiling, might not be proper, but I can ingenuously assure you, you have, I believe, no Chance to be neglected for any Thing else I can think of. I have chose you, and I dare venture to assure you, I won't change my Mind, for I am not apt to do it.

"Tis enough, replied she, I am satisfied; but let me, from this Incident, proceed to beg you will never, on future Occasions, consider me in any other Light. Put out of your Mind all but my Interest, and when I am unreasonable, expostulate with me, as if you yourself were not in Question, you will never find me, I believe, hard to be convinced. I may be weak, I am not obstinate. I know it, replied Mr *Manley*, and since you desire it of me, I will put myself out of the Question, and advise you as if I were your Brother. True Delicacy often consists in having none. Believe me, Madam, I never will fail you in Esteem or Affection, but there is a certain Manner I have, I must have Indulgence for.

I would not change it if I might, rejoined Lady *Betty*, most affectionately; but if I offend you, let me in my Turn beg you'll give me Advice. Mr *Manley* promised he would.—Now what I have to observe from all this is, that with the Sentiments of this Pair, there would be few unhappy Marriages. Neither meant to offend, and when any Thing looked dark, they explained Matters.

With mutual Affection, mutual good Intention, and mutual Confidence, I fancy all would be snug between Individuals:
Were

Were this the Case, I should have no Field to range in, for I only mean to stimulate to all those Things which are convenient; and if such Things are taken up without me, I have no more to do, and so much the better: As a Lover of Mankind I shall not grudge it.

ESSAY

ESSAY XXX.

Variety's the Source of Joy below.

LANDSDOWN.

I Was, as has been seen by my last, made by Lady Betty her Confessor in a very delicate Point. She assured me, amongst other Things, that the good Looks of Mr Manley had no Manner of Share in her Affection for him; and this I the more readily believed, as I have seldom known it fail to happen in Ladies who have married the handsomest Men; particularly if there has been any Deficiency in Point of Riches. And this I have always rather thought a Misfortune, when I have heard such Ladies declare themselves, that the more Advantages to sweeten Life, the better; and as I find it always happens, that this Circumstance of Beauty is to pass unregarded by those who have handsome Husbands, I lament it; but as 'tis so general, I look upon it as a Fatality attending such Ladies, and pity them.

Another Circumstance is not altogether so common; they do not all of them profess themselves to be free from Jealousy. They are generally Women of Virtue, and can by no Means suffer their Husbands should

should be less blameless than they themselves are: The Connection is so near, and they are so shocked with every Thing that is unseemly, or unchaste, that it is not a Point to be flurled over in their Eyes.

I never heard Lady *Betty* declare her Sentiments upon this Subject in general. She was easy in her Temper, and let every Body be the Keeper of his own Conscience; upon this Occasion however she explained herself: Though this has happened, said she, I am not of a jealous Temper. Madam, said I, one Circumstance you omitted; in your Narrative to me, you very justly observed, that you had hinted to Mr *Manley*, that he and Mrs *Flounceabout* were very well acquainted. You observed this when you took Notice concerning the Clogs, that your Husband guessed very readily; pray what was his Answer concerning this?

Why you know I had been a little smart about the Clogs, continued she; 'twas that which engaged my Attention, and really I forgot the other Article; I can't tell if they were much acquainted or no.

Thus Confession plainly acquits Lady *Betty*, with me, from all Degree of Jealousy. Certain it is there are some peculiar Women, whose Pride stand them instead

stead sometimes of good, sometimes of bad Qualities.

I however was not less curious than she had been ; I informed myself, from Mr *Manley* of the Degree of his Acquaintance with Mrs *Flounceabout*, and he told me he never had seen her but once before at a City Feast, where he had sat near her, and she had been vastly complaisant.

Mr *Manley* by this clears himself, as well as Lady *Betty* did. And 'tis my Opinion, that in these Cases this is not uncommon ; neither is it uncommon to find Indiscretion, Malice, and Tittle-tattle, join to make Appearance seem Reality. Lady *Betty* found all this in her Sisters, Lady *Alba*, Lady *Annabella*, and Mrs *Commea* : I knew their Characters, and wondered not at their Insinuations. But Lady *Betty* has done prudently, in making her Husband her Confident. He is a Man of Sense, regards her and himself, and is excessively good tempered.

After all, he has a leering Cast with his Eye, and though he is clear in this Circumstance, I reckon it not unlucky that Lady *Betty* is endowed with as great a Proportion of Blindness, as any Man can wish his Wife possessed of : I mean not formal affected Blindness, but real natural Want of Sight. As to what concerns her Friends,
and

and their Doings, she is by Nature endowed with a most unsuspecting easy Temper; but a Truce with this.

I doubt whether we shall find any such peaceable Quality in our Bride; she has told us already she hates the Country, and will be confined no longer in it; so to Town we are all returned, none of us, I believe, very sorry.

After we arrived at London, the first Thing Mr William did, was to send for a White and Silver Suit he had bespoke, in high Taste, for his Lady to appear at Court in. Mrs Commea, with a Toss of her Head, as much as to say, *thank you for nothing*, did however thank him, but said she had one of her own, of her Cousin Flounceabout's chusing. This was produced, and most gorgeous it was. Mr William bit his Lip. Dress is the Thing he is most to be hurt in.

The Bride never minded his Lip, but shrugging up both her Shoulders, added, that as to going to Court, why truly she had a Corn, and could not bear so much standing as she heard was there; some People might like pressing upon their Legs, but she truly preferred strolling about, and diverting herself.

This was very bad, and it was still worse, when we discovered, that in the

Evening she had made up a Party with her Mother, Mrs. *Flounceabout*, and her Cousin *Brisk*, with whom she went to the Play.

Mr *William* had nothing to keep himself in Countenance, but to get Lady *Alba* and his Brother to go to the Opera. 'Twas the first Night of performing. He, with an affected Air, hid himself in a Corner of the Box. He was there incog. not having been at Court, and this cloaked, as he imagined, his Bride's Elopement, and made it look like an Incog. too; nothing could have nonplussed him equally with this Obstinacy of his Wife; he knew not what Face to put on.

To the Opera we went, for I was of the Party, and scarce were we seated, when *Florinda* and her Husband entered, and placed themselves next us. He, as it proved, had been sent Envoy from the Court of ——. The Change of his Title, which had happened by the Acquisition of a new Estate, prevented Lord *Alba* from knowing, when he heard him named, that he was the Possessor of his beloved *Florinda*. He had no Thoughts of her, and when he saw her, he scarcely believed his Eyes: Her's seemed to look for an Object, I doubt not but it was He. She made him a Courtsey. He was almost unable to re-
turn

turn a Bow. His Wife, who has her Eyes seldom idle (they are great Conveyers of Amusement to her) perceived his Confusion, enquired who the Lady was, discovered it was his old Flame. He had not had the Prudence to conceal his Love from her (a Precaution requisite however, and I doubt he will discover it is so). 'Tis my Opinion Lady *Alba* will teach him to wish he had taken the Scripture Rule, "not to let one Hand know what the other did." Had he kept a like Regulation with his Heart, and communicated no more of it to his Wife than the Portion she possessed of it, I think he had done better than he has done, for his own Peace Sake. She is no Woman to make Allowances for any Thing; she looked at *Florinda* with a fixed scrutinizing Eye. That Lady surveyed her all over too, and it appeared to me, not without Satisfaction, she seemed to be sensible of her Character, and to be pleased.

Florinda, whom for the Future I must call the Marchioness of B—, is very amiable; but I would not pronounce her free from that little Envy, which in Female Minds is so apt to shoot forth, that except those Minds are cultivated by the Proprietors themselves, we seldom see them properly freed from this Weed, otherwise

the best Tenant can't cleanse it, neither will the best Instructions ever effectuate this Purpose. Upon the Whole, I believe as to Oeconomy, that taken for All in All, it is best to be without Passions, but certainly what the Passions give Play to, does diversify Life, and give Amusement to the Spectators.

A little Air of Triumph which got into the Marchioness's Features, upon surveying Lady *Alba*, declares that she does, or does not love my Pupil. In some Women a Concatenation of Ideas holds the Place of a former Passion, but were I to judge of the Mind of *Florinda*, I would think her obstinate, as well as passionate, and not untinged with human Frailty.

I imagine she would not have come to *England*, but to see her old Love, and to shew herself to him. She governs her Husband. He pushed for this public Character, and she will adorn it. All this, with the Turn of Lady *Alba*, and the Peculiarities I know in her Lord, make out a Something, which I am anxious to see the Consequences of.

ESSAY XXXI.

*Find Envy out, some Prince's Court attend,
Most likely there you'll meet the fanish'd Fiend.*

GARTH.

BUT Emulation, where shall we find it? Why in every polite Breast. The Brave, the Fair, each emulate their Neighbour, and one would think themselves: One would imagine they had this Line of the Poet always in Mind:

“ And keep thine own Example still in View.”

The Magnanimous, the Generous, runs through all. What a Spirit have we seen in our Men, and in our Officers, lately? They were sent to fight, and were as liberal of their Blood, as they who sent them were of their Treasure. The Fashion then to smell Gunpowder, was as universal, as it was some twenty or thirty Years ago to take Quicksilver, or as it hath been since to take *Ward's Pill*, or *James's Powder*; or, in short, any universal Remedy.

Mode succeeds to Mode. Just before the Period of Bravery of which I speak (and which is now necessarily at an End, at the End of the War) there was a Period of Voluptuousness, of an enerv'd Spirit in our Officers. Time will discover to us
what

what will succeed to our Days of Vigour and Exertion, now we are lulled in the Arms of Peace.

I have in general remarked, that in the Moral World there are Female as well as Male Virtues, as we see in the Vegetable World; the Male Elm has his Female; different they are, or rather differenced, but of the same Species.

Thus at the Time I have mentioned, whilst our Heroes were emulative who should excel most in *Germany*, our Heroines, warmed with congenial Fire, were vying to out-shine each other in their Scene; and I have observed, that the lambent Female Flame, soars even higher than the more material Fire of Men. I have observed, that that Spirit which prompts Men to attempt Difficulties, encounter Danger, and combat Resistance, urges on our Ladies to attempt Impossibilities, and to endeavour to purchase what seem'd out of their Reach. Thus at the Period which I have mentioned, whilst our Heroes were in Quest of Laurel Wreaths, our Ladies were in Quest of *Silesia* Handkerchiefs. The Armies which blocked up that Market, seemed to give its Commodities a wonderful Value. *French* Goods were not to be named, in Comparison of this Course, unbecoming material; every Thing yielded to it. Our
Looms

Looms were set to Work, to furnish us with this Manufactory. Spurious *Silesia* Handkerchiefs were sold in great Quantities; like the Methuen Grape in our's, and the Virgin's Milk in Roman Catholic Countries.

This Anecdote of the *Silesia* Handkerchiefs, perhaps unnoticed, perhaps unremembered, by many of my Readers, will convince them, when they enquire or look back, that I have in some Degree the Gift of my Calling; or to use other Words, that I have not overlooked an Object which might have escaped me, but for my Talent this Way, yet which, upon Recollection, we may all remember.

Without supposing in myself such a Faculty, it had been Presumption to have undertaken a Work of this Kind; and if I possess no Talent, I have at least the Advantage of attending to what happens, and that may supply a great deal. The *French* have an Expression, *La Petit Morale*: To regulate what it includes, is a fine Field in Oeconomics, since the lesser Passions, or the Tempers and Humours, are what chiefly deform Life.

Heavens forbid I should interfere with the Pulpit, and scare away my Readers by a Sermon. A Sermon, even in Jest, has not always the Effect to please; as Witness
the

the Sermon introduced in *Tristram Shandy*. A worse Effect would it have for me to moralize, for the Sake of moralizing. I have often declared I would not, though I have moralized, for the Sake the good Morals may do us; and consequently must still, if I continue my Work; nay, even I must go further, for I must recommend Religion, or the Rules of Scripture, but this I shall do very delicately however, when I am forced to do it, still explaining the Necessity, where I recommend the Practice.

That in order to walk surely we must walk by Principle, is a Maxim of mine, which, Experience at least does not discountenance. I shall therefore be very apt to recommend, if I come upon that Subject, the Reality of Religion, as the best Calmer, nay, even Killer of the Passions, and a dispassionate Character, or a Character which has the Mastery over the Passions, is of Consequence, the Person for Life in its Conduct and Manners, and therefore the Thing which best suits me.

I have fallen upon this Thought, by the strong Emulation which Lady *Alba* discovers of the Marchioness of *B*—; the Taste was formerly every Thing mean, it now is every Thing elegant, every Thing *French*, every Thing that looks like Ex-
pence:

pence: I do not know that the Marchioness is expensive; the *French* Ladies in general are not; but I can answer, that Lady *Alba* is extremely so in her Imitation; and this Humour will cost her Lord considerably, his Thousands will groan for it. Lady *Alba* seems likewise out of her proper Character; the Imitation is as awkward as that of the Ass and the Lap-dog in the Fable.

And this leads me further to observe, that though Emulation is in itself a glorious Principle, it may be burlesqued in its Exertion, for it requires Genius to imitate, and Genius distinguishes the Imitator from the Plagiarist. But to return to the *Silesia* Handkerchiefs: When they were in Vogue, had a Lady been to give a Scarf to her Adorer, as the Ladies did of Old, when their Heroes went out to fight, such was the Whim for these *Silesia* Handkerchiefs, that I used to say, I was convinced a Lady would rather give one of them to her Champion, as a Scarf, than a Handkerchief of her own Embroidery.

Had this happened, I could never have approved of it, though I might have compounded for imposing it upon those Heroes, as their Task, to have fetched them from thence. The Market was blocked up, and this had been in the Style of *Samson* and his *Philistines*. But our Heroes had

then no Need of any Stimulatives to fight, neither had our Ladies any more Idea of Propriety in what they did, than Lady *Alba* has in the Imitation of her Rival; for her Rival, I am sorry to perceive it, the Marchioness still is. Lord *Alba's* Flame burns out a-fresh, at the Sight of his Charmer. *Florinda* 'tis plain is pleased to see him still in her Chains. Lady *Alba* is mortified. I did not think her Pride could have flinched; but like other Bullies, I perceive, she is a Coward, when braved in her Turn. The Marchioness looks on Lady *Alba* with Contempt, and that Kind of Contempt too which derides. In Lady *Alba's* Behaviour there appears a Consciousness that she is excelled, and an awkward Attempt to excel in her Turn. What Scenes we shall have from the Humours of these Ladies I cannot conjecture, neither do I pretend to suppose how his Lordship will appear, considering the Weakness I know in him; but he has an Air very much embarrassed, and I perceive the Attentiveness of his Wife rather gives him Pain. Lord *Alba*, amongst several other Peculiarities, has a Turn to Devotion, and his Lady now very constantly goes to Church, and takes him with her. She did in her Conversation formerly, rather border a little upon Free-thinking, but
now

now we have no End of the Enumeration of Moral Duties, and a Detail of religious Subjects, dull enough to be sure, but yet what would make Lady *Alba* easier in her Situation, did she really feel what she says she does. I seem to dwell upon this extraordinary Subject, nay, I introduce it often; for if I remember a-right, I have more than once hinted at Religion in my Writings.

However, not to dwell perpetually upon any one Subject, let me at present return to Taste, and to Emulation, two Things which have entered into the Compound of this Day's Paper.

Emulation, though a generous and noble Passion, wants as we see to be properly directed. Lady *Alba*, with the Stiffness of her former Pride, would be at present not less ridiculous than in the Character of the Ass in the Fable. She is, as I have before-mentioned, as absurd in her Imitation of *Florinda*, as that Animal was, when frisking about in Imitation of the sprightly Lapdog. There is a Dignity in being ourselves, which 'tis Pity that proud Folks should forget; a Quality so disagreeable as Pride, might hence draw an Advantage. But it is to be remarked, that the Passions seldom do Honour to themselves: Another Motive this, which makes me, a Lover of Decorum, dislike them.

I have

I have also, as I am rather an inquisitive Remarker, observed, that there is some Analogy between Taste and Virtue; nay, so great it is, that the one can't be permanent without the other. Taste is a most essential Thing: There is no living without it. To acquire Taste, our Beau Monde make the Tour of *Europe*: And though I have been very moderate in the Recommendation of Virtue, knowing it to be a formal uniform Kind of a Thing, if considered only in itself; yet when considered as a Groundwork for what we have so much Occasion for as Taste, I recommend it, and with as little Reserve as *Hoyle* would Abstinence, to one who has an important Part to play. People of the best Appetites, and most delicate Palates, submit to this Abstinence; and the present Ardour of Pursuit is such, that I dare expect perfect Success, for what is introduced in a favourite Point of View.

If 'tis observed that I am grave at present, let the Reader remember I take Leave in this Paper: My six Weeks are expired: Those six Weeks have given me Pleasure; and to part with what has given Pleasure, gives Pain.—I hope my Readers will take it obligingly that I quit them with Regret, and have a real Feeling when I say, at the End of this Volume, Adieu!

10 JU 68
F I N I S.

